JOHN BULL, week ending DECEMBER 26, 1942.

JOHN BULL

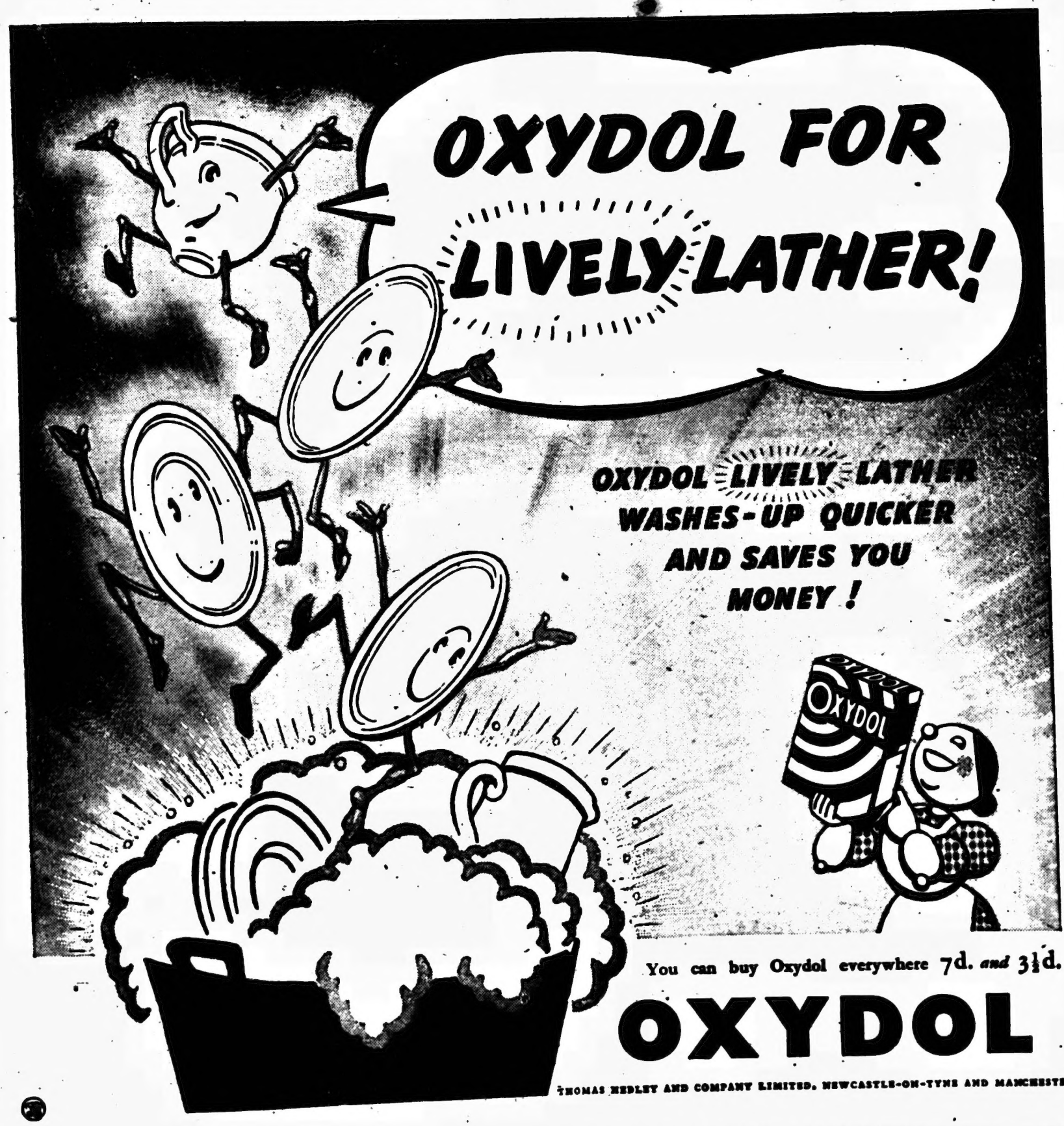
VOL. LXX 1853

3D EVERY THURSDAY

STRIP TO THE WAIST! by the EDITOR

AIR CHALLENGE IN THE PACIFIC

BIG FOUR PLAN WANTED By A.G.G.



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- Get them from Post Offices, Trustee Savings Banks, Savings Groups or Honorary Official Agents.
- Buy National Savings Stamps at the same time, and stick some in every card you send.
- That's the way to make your Christmas Greetings help directly in winning the war.

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Dr Carrot: your winter protector

"If you're to get through the winter safely, you need plenty of the protective Vitamin A," says Dr. Carrot. "Eat more carrots, and you'll get it."

Carrots are one of the richest sources of Vitamin A, and, thanks to the British farmer, there are plenty for everyone this winter.

Watch these carrot recipes — and improve your meals! Here's one specially chosen for Christmas time:

Mincemeat

Cook 1 lb. carrots, chop finely with 1 lb. apples, cored but not peeled. Add 4 ozs. dried fruit (previously soaked and chopped if dates, figs, or prunes are used), 2 ozs. shredded suet, ½ teaspoonful mixed spices, pinch nutmeg, few drops lemon juice substitute or vinegar. Mix together thoroughly. A pleasant filling for Christmas tarts — and it *takes no sugar.* (It will not keep more than a week or so.)

C4

HOW THE FRESH-FOOD VITAMINS CAN HELP YOUR CHILDREN

1. They guard against infection. 2. They promote sturdy growth; strengthen the bones and teeth; prevent rickets. 3. They help to keep skin and hair healthy. 4. They help the eyes to see at night.

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CB/72/—

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 20, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

GRAND STRATEGY

LET us make up our minds that this winter will be grim.

Not only because we are grappling with a fanatical new enemy. But also because a Berlin spokesman for our chief enemy has announced, "Germany has no strategic ambitions this winter."

Berlin spokesmen always say the opposite of what they mean.

Fresh Fields

No, the German armies will not be idle.

The great successes of our Soviet allies will not allow Hitler to withdraw much force from the Eastern Front.

But he has sufficient forces elsewhere with which to open a fresh theatre of war.

Raiders Return

The *Luftwaffe*, though depleted, is still powerful. Its bomber squadrons are returning to France.

We must therefore be prepared for heavier night raiding.

Though unlikely to be on the all-night, every-night scale of last winter, it is also unlikely to justify those parents who are bringing back their children to target areas.

Objectives

But invasion of Britain is not an immediate possibility.

Most probably, the German forces will be switched through Spain and Portugal.

We Must Attack

Spain would open her gates to the invader. Portugal's gates would be smashed in without much difficulty.

Americans have been warned to leave, and the Portuguese Government plans removal to the Azores.

Strong and successful attacks by us, in Libya and elsewhere, point the way to prevent the Axis choosing new battlegrounds.

Atlantic Battle

At all costs we must prevent the Axis gaining more U-boat bases.

We must recognise that in future the United States will be unable to spare many warships to convoy our Atlantic shipping.

Moreover, Axis control of Spain would place a stranglehold on our lifeline through the Mediterranean.

Both Sides

The noose would be tied from Spain, Portugal and Vichy France on one side; from Spanish and Vichy possessions on the North African coast.

Hence the importance of our Libyan campaign. Hence the imperative need for us to launch diversions elsewhere.

No Softness!

Gen. Auchinleck's substitution of Maj.-Gen. Ritchie for Gen. Cunningham shows appreciation of the need for speed. Cunningham, like Wavell, will come back.

We are making progress in Libya, slowly but more surely than at first. We shall conquer that last surviving relic of Mussolini's sandy empire, but we may have to go beyond Tripoli in order to safeguard our interests.

And we should no longer be squeamish in dealing with States that harbour Nazi troops and Nazi ships.

Turks in Peril

At the other end of the Mediterranean, too, we must be firm and vigilant.

An attack on Turkey may well form the other end of the pincer movement long favoured by Nazi generals.

Turkey needs more arms than we can supply. But we should at least make sure that adequate supplies are sent to two of our best generals—Wavell and Maitland Wilson—who would defend the Near East.

Pacific Storms

In the Far East the Allies have suffered heavy blows. More may have to be endured.

The fight will be ferocious and perhaps lengthy.

JOHN BULL repeats this warning, because the first year of war against Germany showed how fatally easy it is to underrate an enemy.

Face the Facts

This time, fortunately, we are spared triumphant but premature whoops from the Ministry of Economic Warfare over the effects of our blockade and the enemy's shortage of oil.

The fact is that Japan has food for two years and oil for fifteen months.

From Thailand she will get not only huge stocks of rice, but also rubber, teak, tin and manganese.

Money Troubles

Yet, though she has all the initial advantages, we must be confident that we shall defeat her in the end.

She is already spending four times as much as her revenue.

And if we have gained a new enemy, we have also been reminded of an ally whom we have had to neglect for years.

Thanks to China

What grand allies the Chinese are!

We gave them no support in their long struggle against aggression. But now we are attacked by the same aggressor they gallantly mount a counter-offensive to help our garrison in Hong Kong.

If ever we forget this superbly unselfish gesture, we shall deserve the world's contempt.

Common Accord

But we must do more than remember. We must strive to help the Chinese in turn.

Not only by giving the arms they desperately need for their new armies, but by forming what President Roosevelt has called "the grand strategy" of the Allies.

Pact We Want

The Axis has such a strategy.

It should be matched by a joint plan—embracing military actions as well as military supplies—drawn up by the Allies.

Now that the U.S. is fully at war, there is opportunity for fuller concord.

Russia's Problem

There is already co-operation. It should be made more effective by a common understanding and a common plan.

The Dutch East Indies co-operate by giving us new naval bases and by sending aircraft to Singapore. Even Mexico is moving up her troops to help defend the U.S.

It will be understandable if Russia hesitates to fight on two fronts. Yet only from her territory around Vladivostok, where she has 700 bombers, can the Allies base an air force with which to fire the matchwood cities of Japan.

Tall Order

The biggest problem is still one of equipment.

We cannot just "leave it to America."

All the good will of Uncle Sam cannot quickly provide the supplies needed now by his own forces, by Britain, Russia, China and Turkey.

Poor Figures

Only 15 per cent. of his industrial power has so far been switched over to war production.

He planned to increase it to no more than 25 per cent. by the last quarter of 1942.

No doubt he will strive to exceed that figure as an answer to Hitler's screaming declaration of open war and Mussolini's feeble threat.

But clearly we shall have to increase also our own figure of nearly 50 per cent.

Too Many

We must turn more of our factories over to war purposes. We must make better use of our man and woman power.

At last we must organise instead of "muddling through."

Far too many existing war factories are inefficient! Far too many workers are under-employed!

War's Colander

Week by week, for two years, JOHN BULL has pointed to gaps in our war machine.

So many have been cited that sometimes you may have despaired of Britain ever rivalling the industrial efforts of Germany.

There is no need for despair. Our production is fairly good—on the whole.

But there is need for impatience. Our production is not nearly so good as it might be.

Playing at Production

And week by week fresh evidence of muddle continues to stream into the JOHN BULL office.

Reports from million-pound factories that are still waiting to begin production after twelve months.

Reports from workshops where men play cards and women knit for hours—because there is nothing else to do.

Reports of machines lying idle, of skilled aircraft and gun engineers being sacked owing to lack of work.

Strictly Private

Few of those reports are published in JOHN BULL.

Most are communicated privately to Government Departments. Some Ministers—not all—are quick to put right the scandals they reveal.

But at this stage of the war there should not be one-tenth as many.

The Choice

The Axis is making a supreme bid for victory.

If we also exert our power to the utmost, our greater resources will guarantee our success.

But not otherwise.

(Continued overleaf)

Total War?

FOR eight months a Cumberland engineer drew £10 a week in an aircraft factory.

But he didn't earn it.

"In that time," he tells JOHN BULL, "I didn't do a month's work—and this applies to eleven other men in the department."

When they pleaded for work their drunken foreman—an ex-barman—either told them to sweep the workshop out or hang around till something turned up.

Eager to help the war effort, our reader applied to the Ministry of Labour for transfer.

He was told to go to a factory one hundred miles away. He packed his toolbox and suitcase and went.

On arrival he was told, "The vacancy was filled a fortnight ago."

He returned home. A week later he was sent to a factory seventy miles away—and was told that no vacancy had existed there for months.

Then he found a job twelve miles away. The Ministry ordered him to leave immediately because the work was not of national importance. So he has been unemployed for the last sixteen weeks!

This case would be disgraceful even if it were unique.

But it is one of many. Inefficient management and muddled officialdom on a large scale are hampering our struggle against the enemy.

How many more years must pass before we organise for total war?

YOU'LL GET IT EARLY

Owing to Christmas, next week's issue of JOHN BULL will be on sale on Wednesday, December 24

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WORSE than the Army!

That is the only phrase to describe the muddle and autocracy of Civil Defence.

Case in point concerns a London fireman who fell off an escape van.

Orders is Orders

Taken to hospital, he was told to return to his station for light duty.

Four men had to lift him out of the tender, and an officer at the station sent him to another hospital—the Middlesex.

While he was being examined there, another officer arrived with instructions that he was to go home and then report at a sick parade at an L.C.C. hospital.

Serious Injury

Somehow, the seriously injured man got home. Next morning he waited for two hours at St. Pancras Hospital, where it was found that he was suffering from severe spinal injury.

He has been on his back for weeks, may be in hospital for another month.

Fred Karno's Brigade

More complaints pour in of new N.F.S. officers who have never attended a fire, who waste petrol in their big cars, and who issue vexatious instructions on saluting and other semi-military matters.

They'd do a good job of work if they concentrated instead on the men's conditions.

We hear of fire stations in dilapidated premises overrun with vermin, where the pillows and bedding have not been washed since 1939.

No wonder part-time volunteers are resigning in disgust!

Wardens in Arms

Petty tyranny and muddle are similarly causing trouble among wardens in some districts.

Known to us, also, are cases of women ambulance workers incurring bad strains because only *two* women are allowed to lift a heavy man at stretcher practice.

Civil Defence should be reorganised again—this time, sensibly.

Formality—

In the Army, nine different forms have to be filled in to get a pair of trousers.

The R.A.F. is content with six.

Excuse is that "so many different departments want a record of each transaction."

Even more eagerly, the country needs paper.

—And Reform

The R.A.F. is trying to reduce the number. It has cut the size of many forms; new ration permit taken by airmen on leave is smaller than a postcard.

The Army still clings to the idea that it is dangerous to change anything.

Spit-and-Polish

But wait! We must apologise to the Army.

One general has cut out spit-and-polish. Brasses are to be left dull or coated with camouflage paint because their glinting might prove dangerous.

Another general has issued new orders for the wearing of gas-masks and gas-capes.

Seeing the Light

He has discovered that the respirator, carried in normal position, is a hindrance to men in action, and that the cape carried on the shoulder is apt to tip the man's helmet over his eyes.

Very good. If he is right (and we think he is), all the Army should adopt his new methods.

Lots, We Expect

As for General No. 1, he should know that the Army Council forbade the polishing of brasses months ago.

But how many other Brass-Hats still believe that polished brass is essential to victory?

Puzzling

We shall be glad to give the War Office the address of an Army camp where, it is alleged, there are no sanitary arrangements, poor water supply, no baths, and poor food.

Incidentally, we should like to be told why the doors of the big Y.M.C.A. building in Govan are always shut to Servicemen, despite its adequate capital.

Inspection, Please

The Admiralty's medical director, we suggest, should look into the dental department at Chatham.

"Just make do" seems to be the policy there.

It applies to the dingy surgeries and to the instruments with which highly qualified young surgeons are expected to do their job.

R.N. Should Be A.1

These men are keen when they join the Service. But frustration soon turns them into "Oh, what's the use?" cynics.

It's a greater pity because the dental departments at other big naval depots are absolutely first-class.

Pension Refused

Too much to expect that the Ministry of Pensions will ever be either sensible or sensitive!

Welsh marine was awarded the D.C.M. for gallantry in Crete. He received four severe bullet wounds, was invalided out—and refused pension because his disability was not due to war service!

We're glad to say that Neath British Legion has made the Ministry change its mind.

Confound the Landlord

More meanness has for its victim an airman's wife, who has left home to work in a war factory.

Relatives have gone to stay at her house to look after her three children; landlord threatens a notice to quit unless she occupies the house herself.

Ignore such landlords. No court would grant them a possession order.

Illness a Crime

For a year, a munitions worker has travelled thirty miles a day to do her bit. Three months ago she was stricken by meningitis, and was on the "danger-list" for weeks.

Though making progress, she is still far from well. Her employers threaten her with £100 fine or imprisonment for having left without permission!

Which is the sort of thing that doesn't help Mr. Bevin to secure more women volunteers.

He's Still Trying

Mr. G. Godber holds four first-class University certificates for engineering, has worked as an engineer all his life, and has been seeking a war job for more than a year.

His latest attempt to "get into the war" was to apply for a vacancy of assistant foreman at an ordnance factory.

After fifteen weeks' delay he has been turned down without even an interview. He would have stood a chance, no doubt, had he been a hairdresser or barman.

Men and Materials

There have been many, many such cases. That is why we say on the preceding page that Britain's war organisation is sadly muddled.

Materials as well as men are wasted.

One example was given by an M.P. last week.

Try, Try Again

He told how certain parts of a shell-making machine were scrapped because wrong material had been used.

Another lot was scrapped because of an amendment to the drawing. The third lot went the same way. A fourth lot has been started—but now the gauge has been changed.

So 624 skilled man-hours have been wasted, not to mention costly material.

Poor Excuse

The Government spokesman said the difficulties arose because the factory hadn't produced that particular shell before.

But surely costly blunders are not inevitable whenever something new is ordered?

Stop the Waste!

In all sorts of ways, indeed, war material is being squandered.

Our Censors turn back letters for Northern Ireland if the envelopes are sealed with economy labels. Epsom Parish Church sends out a Christmas magazine of six large pages, four of which are completely blank.

Let Us Know

Readers tell us of dumps of paper, scrap iron and other "waste" that should be made into munitions. JOHN BULL will see that they *will* be made into the stuff of war.

Remember, if you can't get your salvage collected, write to JOHN BULL about it.

While we cannot undertake to answer individual letters, we shall see that they are placed before the appropriate authorities for action.

Glut of Onions!

"Waste of time" is how Whitehall describes its attempt to find the loads of oranges said to be rotting in warehouses.

But we don't think Whitehall would fail to find loads of rotting onions.

Tons and Tons

More than two tons grown by Southampton Corporation are rotting because Government authority to sell them cannot be obtained. A ton is rotting at Leeds. Growers' conference at Leeds declares that hundreds of tons are rotting throughout the country.

Can Whitehall explain them away?

Roundabouts

Greengrocer at Crowborough, Sussex, is next-door to an onion grower who has to send his crop to London. The greengrocer's supply comes from Southampton.

Hornchurch, Essex, shopkeeper-farmer has to send his 5½-tons crop to London; his own retail allocation will probably come from John o' Groats.

That's how the Government "clears the railways and roads" for munitions traffic.

Help for Russia

Our Soviet allies, with their heavy casualties and devastated homes, urgently need all the help Britain can give.

Money is particularly needed to buy warm clothes, medical aid, cigarettes and razors for the troops, and so on.

Any sum you can raise should be sent to the Joint Committee for Soviet Aid, 171, St. Stephen's House, London, S.W.1.

Behind the News

- **Japan has lost several million pounds weekly by removal of her shipping from world routes.**

- *Another loss is revealed by comparison of investments and manpower in territory belonging to belligerents. Despite Jap gains in Shanghai, adverse balance is nearly* 500,000 *men and* £300,000,000.

- Nazis, though jubilant at Allied losses in Pacific, are still pressing Japan to switch main attack against Siberia so as to relieve Stalin's pressure.

- **Ex-Foreign Minister Matsuoka is now to run Jap propaganda under Nazi direction, for Germany is grooming him for a come-back.**

- *Berlin is dismayed by round-up of Nazi agents in all American republics before they had time to destroy many codes and plans.*

- Bengali traitor Subhas Bose, recently appointed in Berlin as O.C. Indian Fifth Column, has been disowned by his former helpers, whom he tricked into believing that he escaped to fight for home rule.

- **Bitter experiences of U-501 against Britain have been driven home in Nazi submarine depots. Raeder finds it harder than ever to get U-boat crews.**

- *German women are asking soldiers why, if Hitler has annihilated Soviet armies and air forces at least eight times,* 1941 *has brought retreat instead of victory.*

- With Allied help, Stalin's war production in eastern factories has exceeded estimates by 50 per cent.

- **Serb army of revolt now holds several hundred *Reichswehr* prisoners, who will be kept as hostages against Nazis' own hostage policy in Belgrade.**

- *Not only have the Serbs forced Hitler to withdraw another six German and five Italian divisions from Russia, but are fighting them effectively.*

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

STRIP TO THE WAIST!

BOMBS have been bursting among the beachcombers in the little lazy isles of the far Pacific. There is no haven or safely pleasant refuge left for any man the world over.

Not even here. Not even on the quiet shores of Windermere or the lovely Cornish coast. Armageddon has lapped both hemispheres in fire.

The beachcomber's day is done. Those who do not fight the conflagration now deserve to perish in the flames.

Churchill and Roosevelt, facing Japan's aggression with the same realism, have summoned their peoples to furious toil.

Don't imagine that this summons was addressed only to munition workers, miners, dockers, shipbuilders, railwaymen, farm hands, and others employed in essential industries.

It was addressed to us all—to every fit man and woman regardless of age and occupation, to every eager stripling and willing lass, to Cabinet Ministers no less than clerks and casual labourers.

Nothing less than the total effort of the Free Peoples will suffice to overthrow the Axis Powers. They are making their supreme challenge and we must strip to the waist to meet it.

Isolationism is dead in the United States; it must either die or be killed in every selfish heart on both sides of the Atlantic.

Men like Henry Ford, who boasted not so long ago that from his vast plant he could turn out a thousand 'planes a day—but not for Britain—will have to live up to his words or eat them.

For this is his war now just as much as it is ours. He has always thought that he *owned* his factories. Now he will discover that he must run them for Uncle Sam or give place to a better citizen.

America has already indicated that she means business, Labour leaders and industrial magnates have dropped their quarrels, and output in the United States should multiply quickly.

Yet in spite of American assurances that lease-lend help will be maintained, we must face a period of greater shipping risks and, at least temporarily, much-reduced supplies.

During this period our own needs will be greater than ever and Russia's requirements no whit reduced. It is impossible to exaggerate the urgency of the situation.

We are not satisfied that *all* the Government and *all* the people are fully alive to this situation.

AFTER Dunkirk there was an immense spurt in production, and Japan's entry into the war is causing another one now. But spurts are not enough. *There must be a steady acceleration of the war effort in every direction.*

The country has authorised total compulsion of the able-bodied, but we take the Labour view that industry and private ownership should be subjected to equal compulsion as and when necessary.

Indeed, we maintain that national control of industry and transport is not only desirable, but essential. We do not care two straws whether technical control and management are retained in their present hands or not.

But we demand complete and absolute priority for the country itself. We are not content with the Government's powers to take over inefficient factories and to replace obstructive or greedy or stupid managements; we want to see these powers exercised with utter ruthlessness.

In principle, there is no justification for private profit out of total war. In practice, it may not be possible suddenly to transform the entire economic and social system.

But if democracy is worth a damn; if it is a living faith, and not a dead creed mumbled by drooling priests of a dying age, it must be prepared now to abrogate all the rights and privileges it has won.

We are free men, freely sacrificing our present freedom that we may restore it in greater measure after the war is won. Roosevelt, under the impact of Japan's initial victories, calls for grand strategy on a world scale.

He is right, but, both in the United States and in this country, we shall never achieve grand strategy until we have shed our coats and vests and until we go into this desperate fight stripped to the waists, using both fists and fighting like toughs against the toughest mob of desperadoes that ever threatened to destroy civilisation.

Speed must be our watchword; speed and ruthless energy. JOHN BULL calls on the Government to nationalise all forms of transport in a single plan at once.

We call upon it to proclaim and adopt and enforce a national wages policy.

The country is disgusted with existing inequalities. It demands fair-play for the fighting men and their families.

It views with growing and dangerous resentment the shockingly high wages of privileged, semi-skilled workers and "lucky" youths on the one hand, and the shockingly low pay of skilled and unprivileged and "unlucky" workers on the other.

The country demands also a prices policy.

Too many people are profiting from war-made scarcity. Wages must be saved against the future and not wasted in creating a paradise for profiteers.

THE people is sick to death of entreaties and appeals; it despises the empty platitudes of week-end orators.

It is struggling furiously in the toils of the Red Tape stranglers. It views with horrified amazement the gluttony of rich loafers, the well-nigh incredible levity of race-goers and amusement seekers, and the revoltingly successful greed of profiteers within and without the law.

Let the Government use its ample powers to put a stop to these monstrous abuses of all that freedom means!

As for us, the overwhelming majority of ordinary folk who are resolved to see this war through to final victory no matter what it costs in blood and tears and sweat, let us wait neither for direction nor compulsion, but insist upon the total mobilisation of our own activities.

Are we to be shamed by the Nazis and the Japs? They started total war. Let us show them that we can see it through, trade blow for blow, and come up fighting fit for the last and decisive round.

CALLING ALL CURS: VI. . . . By GERALD KERSH

The Boys are Cashing-in on Sentiment

I ADMIRE a smart fellow so much that I almost regret one is not permitted to charge, say, fifteen shillings for a loaf of bread or to sell onions at seven-and-six apiece.

It is a dreadful thing to have to say, but the authorities have struck terrible blows at private enterprise. *What profit hath a man of all his labour which he taketh under the sun?*

★ ★ ★

In the good old days of 1915, you could dredge and pan the mud of life and get gold out of it. There was a chance for a good, hard-working profiteer. You could wring money out of the common need for common necessities.

But a sentimental administration has put a good deal of that out of the question.

Christmas is upon us.

Now this is the season for good will to all men, and particularly goodwill to profiteers.

For many months, now, astute men of business have been racking their brains to get in, somehow, on the outburst of general generosity that comes over the population in the gift period.

This, you see, is the time when the simple-minded want to give things away. Consequently, the well-advised usually cash in on it.

It is, they will tell you, a matter of supply and demand. The more people want a thing, the dearer it becomes.

Christmas being a date which most people have the habit of celebrating, the various materials of celebration are at a premium.

Turkeys have long been unprocurable.

You had to book your turkey ever so long in advance; and many dishonest poultry farmers, anticipating a stupendous rise in the price of these gobbling birds on the black market, have been pushing up their weight by feeding them upon milk.

Things like ducks have been as hard to find as Fifth Columnists: one knows they are around, and yet they are somehow under cover.

There is a peculiar dearth of dried fruits—which scarcity, certain suspicious souls allege, may have something to do with puddings, and the public desire for puddings at Christmastime.

There is an outbreak of strange yet impressive labels upon dark bottles.

Lunatics' Broth is in circulation again—our old friend Red Liz, the wine of madness and the grandmother of all hangovers—under strange new names, and at strange new prices.

★ ★ ★

There is (quite in accordance with the Christmas spirit) a light-hearted tendency in publicans. You ask for Port, and they give you Port Type; their hearing is getting bad.

As for our Lady Nicotine, she has become, in certain quarters, the veriest gold-digger.

There is, for example, a brand of cigarettes which takes the market under prices that are quite fantastic.

Of cigars, I say nothing. Anybody who smoked them at Christmas deserved all he got, always, because the Yuletide cigar was never anything but a log to be burned.

Out of God knows what hidden cellars, orandy is appearing at about £3 10s. per bottle; although cooking brandy may still be got for about 27s. 6d.

★ ★ ★

A certain kind of cigarette-lighter which, in less warlike days, cost about 9d., may—this being the season of good will—be bought for 10s. 6d.; but there is one philanthropist who has a pretty good brand of a similar but rather more ingenious mechanism on sale at 25s., although a certain anxious-faced man-about-town was offering them by the gross eighteen months ago at precisely 24s. per dozen.

Those who do not appreciate commercial cleverness when they come across it will not buy these things.

True admirers of all that is astute in buying and selling will pay, and pay as long as they have noses to pay through.

The former, however, may feel that our own Dog of War has not yet scratched all the parasites off his back.

Wastepaper can Lead to Victory

OPEN LETTERS

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, President of the United States

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—Though you are a wise man, I think you are ignorant on one point—the regard in which you are held by the British public.

We regard you as the greatest man who has ever held your great office—not excepting Lincoln himself.

He welded together millions of people into a nation. You have had to prevent a far bigger nation from being disintegrated, first by famine, and then by the machinations of its enemies.

The Great Depression threatened it with economic collapse.

Twenty banks a day were putting up their shutters, whole industries were closing down, when you took over.

Within a year you had put 5,000,000 men into jobs.

Financiers and Big Business fought you. They thought the vast sums you were spending would complete the ruin of your country.

Coolly, you fought back—and saved your country.

But even the mammoth and complex schemes of the New Deal were simple compared with the problems you then had to face in your foreign policy.

With the minimum of fuss you countered Axis intrigues and strengthened the democracies.

For years you had to prepare your people for the inevitable; most of them were apathetic and some played the Axis game.

So you had to be careful. And you were.

You made it appear that you had to be pushed into action. You took "one step forwards and half a step backwards."

Few of your people realised how your apparent reluctance persuaded them to demand the policy you had in fact decided to follow long ago.

And now they're at war.

Permit me to say that, if war had to come in the Pacific, then it had best come while you were still the President and Commander-in-Chief of the United States.

It will be a grim fight. Already your country has sustained severe losses.

Yet, despite the heavy new burdens thrust upon you, in one way your task will be lightened by Japan's infamy.

You will now get the undivided support of your people; you will be able to impose long-belated measures on American industry; you will receive the loyalty that is as whole-hearted as the traditional American hospitality.

The British public is grateful for all you have done in the last eight years. It respects and admires you; it fervently hopes that your health will not be further impaired by the tremendous addition to your responsibilities.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES, St. Clears, Carmarthen

YOUR WORSHIPS,—By some strange freak of misguided leniency, I suppose, you only imposed a £1 fine on a farmer who added more than two gallons of water to a 10½-gallon churn.

The same penalty you levied on a poor widow—in receipt of a mere 18s. a week parish relief—for a black-out offence.

Pure milk is more essential than ever before. So is stern punishment for food-fakers.— JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Farmers near Abergavenny reaped their crops of corn and oats three months ago—crops that remain unthreshed and are now feeding the rats.

Their appeals for the hire of a threshing-machine have been ignored.

Another example of official efficiency, eh?—JOHN BULL.

Lady SOULBURY, Near Leighton Buzzard

DEAR MADAM,—I can't help you to find another maid, and I wouldn't if I could.

Your children are not living at home, I understand; no evacuees are now staying at your house. Four maids should therefore be more than enough to look after you and your husband.

You may not read the newspapers, and therefore be ignorant of the demand for women in war factories.

But your husband should be aware of the position, for until recently he was a Member of the Government. Talk it over with him before advertising again for a fifth servant.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. H. H. BALFOUR, M.P., Air Ministry

DEAR SIR,—Are you really satisfied with the defence of R.A.F. aerodromes? Airmen are not—nor am I.

Remember how easily two escaped Germans stole an R.A.F. 'plane and flew across England?

Well, I know a man who found it quite easy to stroll into an airfield and examine a bomber. A policeman whose beat adjoins a fighter station confirms my suspicion of lax defences.

Little has been said lately of the new Airfields Defence Corps. I'd like to hear more about it.—JOHN BULL.

Major C. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—One of your officials is muttering in his sleep. If you can't get dried fruits for Christmas, he tells the public, blame the grocer for not applying for them.

Well, some grocers have applied every day for weeks. All they have got is enough to give customers ½ oz. of sultanas in eight weeks—and nothing else.

Whose fault is that?—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE BROADBRIDGE, Bt., M.P., Old Bond Street, London, W.

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—Parents will be grateful to you.

I have criticised the Air Ministry for evading liability for accidents that might be sustained by A.T.C. boys while training in R.A.F. machines.

You have persuaded the Minister to accept responsibility—a change of policy that deserves publicity.—JOHN BULL.

General Sir W. VENNING, Quartermaster-General

DEAR GENERAL,—Some troops in Iceland have a grievance. Plenty of spirits are supplied to officers' and sergeants' messes, but denied to the Tommies, who cannot even get a regular pint of beer.

When it does arrive, the price is 1s. 7d. a bottle.

Perhaps you'll have a word with N.A.A.F.I. on the matter?—JOHN BULL.

Sir J. WARDLAW-MILNE, M.P., Select Committee on National Expenditure

DEAR SIR JOHN,—As the vigilant guardian of the nation's purse, you may be interested in this new example of squandermania:

On the site of a new war depot, contractors sank a borehole. When tested, it flooded a near-by village. They tried again—and it flooded the camp.

Then they built garages for motor transport—and found they had built them in the wrong field!—JOHN BULL.

URBAN DISTRICT COUNCIL, Feltham, Middlesex

GENTLEMEN,—A strange report reaches me concerning members of a stretcher party at Bedfont.

They have been told, it is alleged, that they must go without their 1s. food allowance for a fortnight because the Council has fallen into debt!

If this is so, perhaps you will explain why Civil Defence workers should be meanly penalised.—JOHN BULL.

THE DIRECTOR, Army Post Office

DEAR SIR,—Complaints still come in of interminable delay in mails to the Middle East and India.

I realise your difficulties. But it is strange that, in many cases, letters *from* a soldier are unfailingly received, but letters *to* him always go astray.

Another point concerns a parcel addressed to a soldier in India, who was moved during its transit. He cannot receive the parcel unless he pays a fee for redirection!

I wish you'd persuade the Indian Posts Dept. to discontinue such petty tricks.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

The Roots of Liberty

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam.

CENTURIES ago Milton wrote these words. They referred to the growth of free opinion in England, to the freedom of printing, to the rising tide of anger at the suppression of truth, and to the birth of a democratic nation.

To-day they may be applied to another mighty nation that has found herself—the *United* States of America.

The blinkers of internal discord have been torn away. Isolationism is dead. Even William Randolph Hearst, U.S. Anglophobe No. 1, said: "The war is our war now, not only in Asia, but in Europe. Our main concern now is about England."

Principles Shared

Steadily, almost imperceptibly, the pendulum has swung in favour of Britain—although most newspapers still refer to England.

This is easily understood. Always the link is with England. And few people in this country—not many more in U.S.A.—realise how strong is that bond, how deeply its roots bind together the life of America.

America on the surface differs from England; fundamentally it is the same, working to the same democratic principles of freedom, justice, decency and social equality.

No matter how the Isolationists raved against England, no matter to what depths of abuse they went, they could not deny the fact that every right enjoyed by U.S. citizens is traceable to England.

Because those rights were denied them by a pig-headed English Government, the North American colonists rebelled and took them.

They modelled their courts, their justice, their legislative bodies on the English style. From England, the cradle of Liberty, came all that is best in the U.S. way of life.

They Still Remember

If it were possible for any nation to fight more fiercely for those things than the English, that nation would be America; for in America are many people who still remember the persecutions, the hunger, the injustices of life in Continental Europe.

America's faults are, like our own, glaring and stupid. She, like Britain, has been too trusting. Unable to visualise treachery, she has been the victim of treachery. Prepared to deal fairly and to live peacefully, she has been given a dirty deal and thrust into war.

But some of her virtues, too, are like ours. She will gird herself in "righteous might," and she will remember the greatness of the men who made her.

And always she will bear in mind those principles which came from England—those principles which, in her hour of trial, are appraised so precious that all Americans unite to defend and preserve them.

★ **MAURICE FAGENCE, tracing the birth and growth of the aircraft carrier, gives you a vivid picture of the**

Air Challenge in the Pacific

TWO weeks ago there was very little fear of air raids in the United States—or, for that matter, anywhere in the American Continent.

War might come, but it was inconceivable that it should bring with it such mass-bombing horrors as London, Coventry and Plymouth have endured.

Where were the bombers, anyway, which could make a two-way crossing of 5,000 miles of ocean *in force?*

There were such things as aircraft carriers, true. And the Japanese had nine of them.

The Japanese Admiralty had concentrated on them to a point at which they made themselves look foolish even to the most ardent advocates of aircraft carriers in British and American naval circles—circles in which you will find plenty of people who condemn these monster floating aerodromes as worse than useless.

But aircraft carriers are themselves the biggest bomber-targets you will find afloat. And the machines they carry can never be a match for land-based machines in speed, range or manœuvrability.

Too Many Functions?

Moreover, they had to be battleships one minute, aerodromes the next—and floating fortresses the moment a challenge came from above. And so they couldn't be expected to put up a reasonable performance against warships designed to have the one main function of sinking ships.

Anyhow, that is what America was thinking two weeks ago. That was what official America was thinking, too, judging by the ease with which the Japanese carried out their surprise.

And, to be quite fair, it is doubtful whether official Britain thought very differently.

Just a fortnight ago. Yet to-day American cities are being blacked-out. Hundreds of thousands of Americans, their fighting fury aroused, are clamouring to join the various A.R.P. services and protect their cities against a bombing peril which, fourteen short days ago, seemed impossibly remote.

And the reason for this transformation is the aircraft carrier.

Japanese air armadas have dived in surprise attack on remote American naval bases thousands of miles from any Japanese aerodrome, inflicting casualties high even when judged by European standards.

Their treacherous work finished, they have been safely stowed away in their parent ships a few hundred miles away—like documents stored in a steel filing cabinet—before America woke up to the fact that she was at war.

And a whole Continent asks itself the question: "Where are those aircraft carriers now—and where will the next blow fall?"

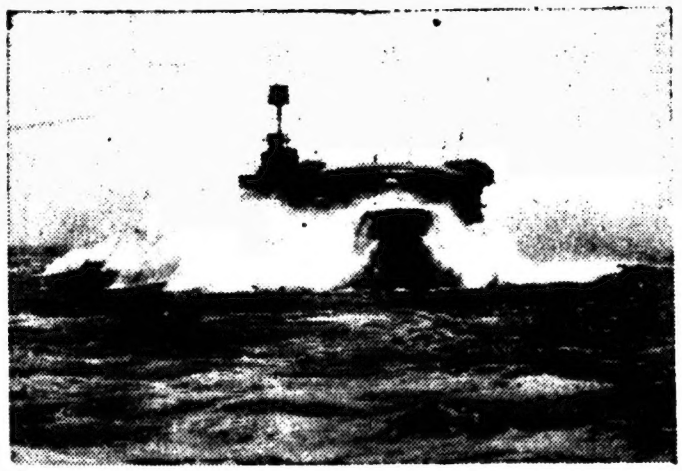
Answer to their Problem

We know now what the Japanese had in mind throughout those twenty years of intensive aircraft carrier construction.

They always intended, one day, to carry warfare over thousands of miles of ocean. In the floating aerodrome they saw the answer to their main problem of bridging vast distances.

But whether they will prove right cannot be judged by these initial successes which owe so much to surprise and to typical Jap cunning and treachery.

Aircraft carriers were a British idea, of course. Every aircraft carrier in the world embodies the main features of British design.



Furious, one of our monster floating aerodromes, ploughing out to sea

But our aim in building these gigantic and costly craft was always different from theirs.

We sought to provide constant air cover for our fleet—and, to be candid, they have not proved as effective as we once thought they would in this respect.

They need constant protection when sailing as an integral part of a fleet. In some ways they are definitely hampering.

But the Japanese planned another use for them. Japan was too far away from anywhere to make use of that very modern weapon the bomber except against a small part of the Russian coastline.

Unless, that is, she could give those bombers a movable base of operations.

Hence the frenzy with which she devoted herself to her aircraft carrier construction programme, particularly after 1935.

She fitted two of her newest carriers, the *Hiryu* and the *Soryu*, with immense gyro-stabilisers to keep them as steady as a rock in angry waters.

British and American engineers—Britain, America and Japan were the three countries most interested in these craft—pointed to the many failures in gyro-stabilisers.

To be effective, they said, they would have to weigh 3 per cent. of the total displacement of a vessel.

Decided to Risk It

Very well. Japan *made* them to weigh 3 per cent. of the displacement—a total of 300 tons per vessel.

Then the experts said the strain on the hull of having so huge a mass of metal whirring away at speed would prove too much.

The Japanese decided to risk it.

They decided to risk it because they were not going to use their aircraft carriers to provide air coverage for the fleets.

They were going to use them for the far less local job of providing bases for armadas of bombers.

Conditions of weather might change considerably while bombers were flying to a point 500 miles away, searching for targets, and then getting back.

Undue motion on the part of the parent ships—and the armadas would be lost.

So the Japanese fitted gyros.

And they designed seaborne bombers with a range far greater than those we carry on our aircraft carriers, which can travel quite far enough afield to provide the British fleet with air cover.

War experience has taught *us* new uses for aircraft carriers.

We found them highly effective for attacking navies too shy to make an appearance on the high seas: and so an admirable weapon against such an enemy as the Italians.

Do you remember how our carriers *Illustrious* and *Eagle* steamed to within striking distance of the Italian coast and then released their Swordfish and Skua 'planes to wreak havoc among the Italian capital ships in Taranto Harbour?

Confirmation of their Hopes

With what interest (despite the pummelling inflicted on Japan's Axis partner) must the Japanese Admiralty have witnessed this confirmation of their hopes.

With what eagerness must the world's best copyists have studied the Battle of Taranto with a view to benefiting from its lessons—the Japs being the world's most assiduous imitators.

And so, for the first time in this war, we have seen the aircraft carrier, just as much a product of our own brains as the tank, used against us.

Mussolini never built one. Hitler began one, his first, five years ago. They take from three and a half to four years to build—and our Royal Air Force has delayed production somewhat.

Our bomber crews may never let him finish it.

But we are faced with the fact that Japan has nine, against the six we have left in commission. We are faced, too, with this astonishing first surprise use he has made of them.

Cannot be Replaced

So it would be silly for us to be complacent about them. We must remember Pearl Harbour and the other Pacific bases bombed by carrier-borne aircraft.

But it would be just as foolish for us to be alarmed.

We have lost three to attacks of great fury—but which wouldn't have put a land aerodrome out of action for a week.

Then you can build aerodromes in a few months. Aircraft carriers cannot be replaced.

Japan has only to lose her nine and most of her bombers become worthless things.

And it is quite on the cards that the Americans and ourselves will pick off one after the other when we have settled down to a Pacific Ocean war as we have settled down in the Atlantic Ocean one.

In any case, such machines as the Japanese carriers house would be little more than useless matched with the best British and American fighter craft.

Effective fighter patrols should be able to sweep them out of any sky.

America is inclined to pin her faith to small aircraft carriers, converted freighters, each bearing just a few machines.

Japan will imitate, of course. And they will permit her to carry out minor harassing raids. But nothing so devastating as her raids on the American Pacific bases.

NAZI MADAM BUTTERFLY

A SWARM of little yellow men, busily running in and out the Home Office in Tokyo, stepped aside respectfully as a tall, fair-haired German hurried up the steps to his sumptuous office.

His name is Franz Huber, cunning Nazi and leading member of the Stormtroopers' Security Department, who has been in Tokyo since 1937, first as "an adviser on anti-Comintern policy," finally as the undisputed boss of Japanese internal politics.

Huber is the representative of the Nazi Fifth Column in Japan which has been preparing to take over the country as effectively as the Germans have taken over Italy. His intrigues have helped to push Japan into the war.

Others have played a big part, too.

It was early in 1937 when Hitler's unusual interest in a lovely German aristocratic woman was noted. He sent her flowers, asked her to attend important functions, and generally made a fuss of her.

Played Her Part Well

Then she married Togo, at that time Japanese military attaché in Berlin.

To-day, Togo is Foreign Minister of Japan. Madame Togo has played her part well.

Huber never concentrated on winning popular support for Nazi ideas. He was content to rely on his intimate relations with a small clique of Japanese militarists. Madame Togo was an invaluable link.

But Hitler took no chances. He appointed Nazi consuls in Japanese towns by the dozen, and gave them ample funds. In their wake he sent Nazi airmen and submarine crews, many of whom reached Japanese bases via Russia just before the outbreak of the Nazi-Soviet war.

Among the camouflaged consulars is Ernest Wendler, a radical Nazi who was Nazi Minister in Bolivia. He was kicked out after trying to engineer a Fascist revolt there.

Star Nazi agent in Japan now is Fritz Wiedemann, Hitler's friend and former company commander.

The Spying Consul

America expelled him from his post as Nazi Consul-General in San Francisco when he was caught spying.

Probably Wiedemann's influence is to-day even greater than that of the actual German Ambassador, General Eugen Ott, a dashing *Reichswehr* officer.

Any Nazi object that could not be accomplished by this formidable array of agents in Japan was supported by one of the most sinister international spies, Herr von Stahmer.

A special envoy to many of the world's storm centres, he has concentrated on Japan since the outbreak of war. He is one of the few foreigners who have the Emperor's ears and he has dinned propaganda into these "divine ears" ever since.

Every one of these agents has, of course, a staff of officials who have done undercover work for Hitler in the usual Nazi fashion.

Now that Japan has swallowed Hitler's bait, all these agents are only waiting for a sign from Berlin to take over complete control of their "blood-brethren," —the yellow "Prussians of the East."

DECEMBER 20, 1941

BIG-FOUR PLAN WANTED

CHURCHILL

ROOSEVELT

STALIN

CHIANG KAI-SHEK

THE whole world is now the battlefield. Every continent and every ocean is sucked into the vortex of the war.

In the twinkling of an eye all the shams and disguises, hesitations and doubts are blown to the winds. There is no place for the neutral or the mugwump.

Two camps face each other for the mastery of the earth. And upon the issue hangs the fate of mankind. Freedom or slavery?

By A. G. GARDINER

Let us look at the battlefield in the light of the new and tremendous fact. And first a word of caution.

Do not let us get rattled by early reverses, however severe. The criminal always has the advantage at the start. He lays his plot in secret and fires his mine at his chosen moment. He is bound to have spectacular successes.

But they do not last. All Hitler's triumphs were won by his first lightning surprise. Since his defeat in the Battle of Britain he has had no major victory. It will be so with Japan.

In saying this I do not underrate the gravity of the attack. Hitler and Tojo timed their spring with deep calculation, but also under compulsion.

THE COMPULSION IN THE CASE OF HITLER WAS THE NEED OF ANOTHER DESPERATE GAMBLE TO SAVE HIS TOTTERING FABRIC.

THE INVASION OF RUSSIA HAS LANDED HIM IN A MIGHTY CATASTROPHE—PERHAPS THE GREATEST MILITARY CATASTROPHE IN HISTORY.

His other Axis partner is a shattered hulk. His bid for the Suez is gone. The Libyan campaign is going against him.

Behind him the murmurs and menaces of the Europe he has wrecked grow in volume and power. Witness Yugoslavia.

In the case of Tojo, the compulsion was no less imperative. The attempt to deceive America was over. He had to choose between accepting the total and final defeat of all his schemes in China and the Pacific, and a reckless throw "to win or lose it all."

* * *

And so the two bandits threw off the mask and took the plunge. Not without deep calculation. It turned on the attitude of America.

While that attitude was in doubt their strategy was to act alone and play for time.

But Roosevelt's skilful statesmanship defeated them. Step by step he was bringing his country into the battle line. The moment had come when they must face his open enmity.

They must hang together or they would be hanged separately. If they delayed longer they would miss their chance. For every day the productive power of the United States would become more decisive.

And the chance is formidable. How formidable we have already grim reason to know. At the cost of bringing the United States into the ring, the bandits have doubled the strain on our resources at sea, on land and in the air.

They have dispersed our Navy. They have weakened our supremacy in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

They have opened up a vast new theatre of war in which we must rely mainly on the efficiency of the United States navy at sea and upon the Dominion and Indian forces on land.

THEY HAVE LESSENED OUR POWER AND THE POWER OF THE UNITED STATES TO SEND ARMAMENTS TO RUSSIA AND CHINA.

NOR MUST WE FORGET THAT AT ANY MOMENT THE VICHY TRAITORS MAY SURRENDER THE FRENCH FLEET AND NAVAL BASES INTO THEIR HANDS.

If the treacherous Lavals and Darlans have their way, that will certainly be done.

* * *

SO much for the black side of the reckoning.

On the face of it, the odds which were turning in our favour have turned against us. In the short view that is so. In the long view it is not so. Let us look at the other side of the ledger.

In the first place, the enemy is reaping, as in the summer of 1940, the advantage of surprise and treachery.

The advantage, too, of the ghastly failure of Britain and still more of America to realise that they were dealing with criminals.

That advantage is costing us dear. But it will not last and will not return.

The last rag of deceit has fallen from these monsters of infamy. There are no more surprises to be sprung.

All the cards are now on the table and we hold the long suit. If we play it wisely we cannot lose. We will look at the cards first, before considering how they should be played.

* * *

The great new fact, of course, is that the United States is in the war up to the hilt. I have no illusions about the United States. It is not a warlike nation.

It is slow in getting into its stride. But once in, it stays the course to the end. And it is the greatest power-house on earth.

Next, it has not come in alone. The whole South American continent is in sympathy with it. All the German intrigues in the southern republics are washed out by the universal hatred of Japan.

From Labrador to Patagonia the Americas are with us and against the enemy.

It used to be a maxim of German strategy that Germany should not engage in a continental war if Russia *or* the United States was likely to be against her.

To-day both Russia *and* the United States are against her. And against her with a passionate anger at her infamies never paralleled in the history of war.

* * *

NOW turn to another aspect. Mr. Churchill said the other day that four-fifths of the human race were on our side. It was a conservative estimate.

For even in the Europe he has conquered Hitler has no friends outside the brutal race whom he has made the ferocious enemy of mankind.

Look at the map of the world. All Asia from the Volga to China and Singapore; all Africa from Alexandria to Cape Town; all America from the frozen north to the frozen south; all Australasia—all united against the dark Satanic powers that threaten their life and their liberties.

With these mighty potentialities at our command, victory is assured if we weld them into a whole. The dictators have won such successes as they have had by secrecy, surprise, treachery, above all by unity of aim. Hitler, Tojo, Mussolini have always worked to a single, secret plan.

The democracies have suffered their reverses through disunity. "One by one" they were stricken down. "One by one" they still fight to regain their feet.

It is organisation against disorganisation—a team working together against a team working separately.

For four years—to take an example—heroic China has been fighting our battle, and left to fight it alone and almost unarmed.

THIS TRAGIC DISUNION MUST CEASE. WE MUST HAVE THAT "GRAND STRATEGY" OF WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT HAS SPOKEN—A STRATEGY BY WHICH THE WHOLE A.B.C.D.R. FRONTS WILL MOVE IN STEP TO THE COMMON GOAL.

In Mr. Churchill, Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek—with, I should like to add, General Smuts—we have the personnel of a High Command that would mobilise and direct all the scattered might of the Allies into a single instrument of devastating power.

One Foe, one Front, one War, one Command. That must be the order of the day from now to the end.

In obedience to that order let us go forward to victory.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

HOW CAN WE STOP EVACUEES RETURNING?

● As Christmas approaches, the number of children brought back from the "safe areas" will increase. Already, it is growing into a stream.

Parents should be told frankly by the Premier, on the air, of the perils of the dark winter months, especially now that Hitler, beaten in Eastern Russia, will be able to release forces not needed when he has dug himself in for the winter.

Compulsion is the last thing to use, especially as you cannot very well praise people for their courage in the raids one week, and blame them for not being afraid the next.

Many parents do not understand the situation. They have not been told the fact often, or bluntly, enough.

Nor is a "talking-to" sufficient. It is no good lecturing them.

Tell them of the dangers to which they are laying open children they profess to love—and then leave them, if they will not listen, to the disapproval and contempt of their neighbours.

SHOULD RUNAWAYS BE SENT HOME?

● There are, in the States, hundreds of British adults of all ages whose escape from the early war-zone, or whose refusal to return here, became a scandal.

Actors, authors and technicians, who had served in the last war, argued that they were doing more good in Hollywood which, if they had left it, would have heard no reply to anti-British talk.

Although there was, at least, a case for them, our film trade argued that it wanted every kind of labour at home.

But there were others—young slackers who, on behalf of the Oxford Group, talked "moral rearmament" or wrote "modern verse."

One youth appeared in a night club, with a strip-tease act!

When, at last, a few film stars of military age came home, they were regarded as heroes.

Then there are the highly paid authors, paying no taxes at home!

Soon, though, the fact that America is in the war will solve all this problem. As United States citizens are called up, so will ours be.

HOW WOULD YOU DEAL WITH ABSENTEEISM?

● There is much less of it than you would gather from speeches delivered mainly as an attack on Ernest Bevin.

It seems to have been true, however, that a section of workers lay off a bit when once they have earned £8 a week and they know half their wages will then go in taxes.

These men should be dealt with by their own unions, who are all determined to win the war and whose pledges and ideals they are betraying.

To-day, every person refusing to do his bit should be conscripted into one of the Forces where he should or would draw only Services pay.

But, while there is absenteeism, do not allow yourselves to be duped into a criticism of the workers started by selfish interests for their own protection.

SHOULD HOME GUARDS BE RE-FORMED?

● Most Home Guards would welcome reconstruction. The basis need not be conscription, but one of units which operate efficiently without waste of leisure time.

Many parades are unessential, particularly for church. So are out-of-date lectures and stupid "talks."

The biggest problem is the old one—*officering*. In many units officers lack the power to organise or inspire.

The full use of the Home Guards is not yet realised. Men have patrolled for months with no alert.

Months have been wasted in arms drill and squad drill.

The zone and battalion basis of the Home Guard, apart from the need for communications, is fundamentally wrong.

It should operate as independent units, with all preconceived ideas of static warfare washed out.

LAN WANTED

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HOW CAN WE STOP EVACUEES RETURNING?

● As Christmas approaches, the number of children brought back from the "safe areas" will increase. Already, it is growing into a stream.

Parents should be told frankly by the Premier, on the air, of the perils of the dark winter months, especially now that Hitler, beaten in Eastern Russia, will be able to release forces not needed when he has dug himself in for the winter.

Compulsion is the last thing to use, especially as you cannot very well praise people for their courage in the raids one week, and blame them for not being afraid the next.

Many parents do not understand the situation. They have not been told the fact often, or bluntly, enough.

Nor is a "talking-to" sufficient. It is no good lecturing them.

Tell them of the dangers to which they are laying open children they profess to love—and then leave them, if they will not listen, to the disapproval and contempt of their neighbours.

SHOULD RUNAWAYS BE SENT HOME?

● There are, in the States, hundreds of British adults of all ages whose escape from the early war-zone, or whose refusal to return here, became a scandal.

Actors, authors and technicians, who had served in the last war, argued that they were doing more good in Hollywood which, if they had left it, would have heard no reply to anti-British talk.

Although there was, at least, a case for them, our film trade argued that it wanted every kind of labour at home.

But there were others—young slackers who, on behalf of the Oxford Group, talked "moral re-armament" or wrote "modern verse."

One youth appeared in a night club, with a strip-tease act!

When, at last, a few "film stars" of military age came home, they were regarded as heroes.

Then there are the highly paid authors, paying no taxes at home!

Soon, though, the fact that America is in the war will solve all this problem. As United States citizens are called up, so will ours be.

HOW WOULD YOU DEAL WITH ABSENTEEISM?

● There is much less of it than you would gather from speeches delivered mainly as an attack on Ernest Bevin.

It seems to have been true, however, that a section of workers lay off a bit when once they have earned £6 a week and they know half their wages will then go in taxes.

These men should be dealt with by their own unions, who are all determined to win the war and whose pledges and ideals they are betraying.

Today, every person refusing to do his bit should be conscripted into one of the Forces where he should or would draw only Services pay.

But, while there is absenteeism, do not allow yourselves to be duped into a criticism of the workers started by selfish interests for their own protection.

SHOULD HOME GUARDS BE RE-FORMED?

● Most Home Guards would welcome reconstruction. The basis need not be conscription, but one of units which operate efficiently without waste of leisure time.

Many parades are unessential, particularly for church. So are out-of-date lectures and stupid "talks."

The biggest problem is the old one—*officering*. In many units officers lack the power to organise or inspire.

The full use of the Home Guards is not yet realised. Men have patrolled for months with no alert.

Months have been wasted in arms drill and squad drill.

The zone and battalion basis of the Home Guard, apart from the need for communications, is fundamentally wrong.

It should operate as independent units, with all preconceived ideas of static warfare washed out.

★ Here's another thrilling first-hand dispatch from the hell into which Hitler plunged millions of men, women and children in the vast spaces of Russia

Giving Germans "The Blues" in their Red Hell

By a GUERILLA COMMANDER

MY detachment of Soviet "partisans" waited in ambush.

We were just inside the edge of a forest. A German motor lorry column, with ammunition and mobile oil tanks escorted by an armoured car, was drawn up on the road between us and a village.

Our enemies had chosen this open position because they had learned that Russian forests and villages can be equally dangerous for a bivouac.

Dusk fell. We watched them eat a meal and prepare to settle down in their vehicles for the night; in the morning they would resume their journey to the front.

We had sent runners to the village to rally civilians into units that could attack from various points when my men threw their first grenades.

Waiting till it was dark, we crawled towards the armoured car at the head of the convoy. Presently its dim outline came in view. No German stirred.

A sentry stood in front of the car, and we edged beyond him in order to attack it from the flanks.

Suddenly I called the cuckoo's note.

In a flash, scores of shadowy figures rose from the earth. With terrifying shouts they hurled grenades at the armoured car, setting it on fire and killing the sentry.

Germans leaped from lorries. Their tommy-gun bullets rained blindly into nothingness, as with more bunches of grenades we fired their vehicles while the village partisans made an onslaught with grenades and fire-bottles on the mobile oil tanks.

Towers of Flame

One by one these exploded. Towers of flame shot skywards, lighting up the whole convoy as our detachments vanished back into the darkness as swiftly as they had emerged.

Beside the blazing vehicles shadowy Germans became men. Then, from our cover, we mowed them down with tommy-guns captured in a previous raid.

Later, we counted nearly a hundred of their dead, added more firearms and ammunition to our stocks, and before dawn disappeared into our forest ready to strike again.

But our unit is merely one of thousands that fight in Russia's Invisible Army.

It is an army as important as the one facing the enemy on the main battlefronts.

Its tentacles stretch out over hundreds of thousands of square miles behind the German lines.

It is waging the greatest guerilla war in history.

Our detachments are as tough and as magnificently trained as Britain's commandos.

Some are dropped from 'planes, some are left behind in a withdrawal.

And the Germans don't like us.

Once we captured an Order of the Day, issued by the commander of the German 11th Army to his troops. It read:

"Guerilla groups are operating chiefly at night and before dawn when alertness slackens. They are mostly acting from ambush.

"They are killing sentries with cold steel. Organising ambushes for supply columns and opening surprise fire.

"Shooting from near airfields at aeroplanes when landing or taking off. Firing at artillery horses to cause hold-ups and then attacking artillery detachments."

Battle of the Bridge

I have fought in many such attacks behind the enemy's lines on the central Moscow front.

There was, for example, the Battle of the Bridge.

It was broad daylight. The enemy strongly guarded a bridge that had been slightly damaged by night raiders and that was vital to his communications.

For two days the guards fired machine-guns at anyone who approached. But Red Army contact scouts informed us its destruction was essential.

A special squad of guerilla dynamiters joined us. A daylight assault was planned.

Splitting our party into three, one group opened rifle fire on the bridge and then retreated, enticing the bulk of Germans to pursue them.

Group two then stormed the bridge from the other side, killing the remaining guards.

Group three, the dynamiters, slipped in and blew up the bridge before the absent Germans could race back when the explosion told them of the trick.

Then there was that Aerodrome Affray.

Fifteen Stuka dive-bombers were dispersed round an improvised aerodrome. Their positions were carefully noted by our partisan scouts just before nightfall.

The Germans had not even had time to barb the field in.

Our guerillas drew up a rough plan of the field, the 'planes were shown as crosses, the sentries as rings, and each attacker was given a target.

Grenades Gave Signal

Half an hour was allowed for each man to get as close to it as possible.

Distance being too great for a bird's call or a "Hurrah" to be effective as a signal, the first grenade explosions, that killed the sentries, served as the attack command.

Almost instantly, explosion after explosion rent the air as grenades were hurled at the Stukas, and flames shot up as fire-bottles found their mark and lit up the scene, making aim easier for a second grenade attack.

We were already beating a hasty retreat before the Germans realised what had happened and fired machine-guns and tommy-guns wildly in all directions as they raced to attempt to put out the fires.

Five Stukas were still blazing when we had got to safety. We claimed them as destroyed, and several others as damaged.

Still more effective, it seemed to me, was the Fight of the Feast.

The Command of the enemy garrison in a newly captured town organised a "Victory" party for officers in the communal restaurant.

Fellow-partisans inside the town at once brought us word of this.

The attack was timed for two hours after the party began, when the vodka and other intoxicant loot would have got to the conquerors' heads.

Despite the curfew, our guerillas penetrated the town and surrounded the restaurant without raising an alarm. The black-out, bad for our bombers, was good for us.

It assisted some of our party in gagging and killing the restaurant's guards without difficulty. Almost instantly, bunches of grenades and fire-bottles were thrown by shadowy arms through windows into the midst of the victory celebrators.

Swiftly, we vanished into the black-out.

Next day news was brought to us that over 150 garrison officers would never click their glasses again! Four typical tales of battles of the Red guerillas these—four of thousands.

"Pocket" Detachments

In some areas of the vast, thinly garrisoned No Man's Land behind the Germans' lines along the 1,500-mile front you may find only "pocket" partisan detachments.

Sometimes they started with one man, possibly a Red Army soldier, who, unable to return to his unit, turned guerilla trainer.

In other areas are powerful detachments like those that in Smolensk, Kalinin and Orlow provinces recently killed over 1,000 Germans, destroyed more than 200 ammunition lorries, blew up dozens of bridges and railway level-crossings, and fired many petrol dumps.

The "pin-pricks" over hundreds of thousands of square miles total up to a sum of terror and destruction that is giving the Germans the "blues" in their red hell.

"The Hun shall know no rest," is one of our guerilla slogans.

Listen to a captured German, Paul Weber:

"On every road ambush awaits us. Behind every bush and hillock partisan bullets lie in wait."

Read the diary of Corporal Gerhard, 75th Artillery Regiment, whom we took prisoner:

"Terribly tired. Even at night there is no chance to sleep. The Russians give us no rest. They are shooting all around. This is hardly what you call a front!"

We guerillas have another slogan. It is simply this:

"One for all, and all for one!"

SAVE ALL THE PAPER YOU CAN

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

CHARITY LAW DODGERS

SPEEDY and drastic action is vital if undesirable appeals for money being made in the name of the Forces are to be stopped.

The whole problem of charity collections, in fact, despite the introduction last year of new legislation from which I had hoped so much, needs closer attention.

For thirty-five years professional charity promoters have had things far too much their own way, and in war time it is more desirable than ever that abuses should be stopped.

In the Wrong Hands

Official statistics show that one-fifth of the money given annually to charity goes, in one way or another, into the hands of the organisers.

Yet, how often do you hear of a prosecution?

Two new Acts of Parliament came into force in 1940—the House to House Collections Act (1939) and the War Charities Act (1940), which is modelled on similar legislation passed during the last war.

Many of the provisions of both are excellent, but some local authorities are not quick enough in putting them into motion.

Let me show, briefly, what I mean. The War Charities Act, for instance, lays down that it shall be unlawful to make any appeal for war charity donations, or to promote any bazaar, sale, entertainment, exhibition, etc., unless the charity is registered or exempted from registration.

The Registration authorities in London are the Common Council and the London County Council. In local areas and provincial towns and cities the responsibility falls on the Local Authority.

All those concerned are supposed to be satisfied that a war charity applying for registration is to be carried on in good faith, properly administered, with the issue of audited balance-sheets and a committee of management of not less than three, and that the amounts applied towards the objects of the charity are adequate in proportion to the total raised.

Too Little Control

Unfortunately, that word "adequate" holds the master-key to the situation. For no percentage or average is laid down, and a war charity can run for more than a year before any exception can be taken to its figures or overhead costs!

Charity promoters are aided by the fact that smaller local authorities have had little or no knowledge of proper charity administration. Even in larger towns, where expert staffs are available, the Act has already been dodged by a variety of subterfuges.

Mr. Herbert Morrison, Home Secretary, is a busy man, but he must turn big guns on this growing scandal

Certain organisations, which before the war had no Service interests, have latterly added "war" objects to their aims. This makes their appeals more attractive, and they can raise money for "Comfort Funds," "Tank Funds," "War Mothers' Funds," 'Spitfire Funds," and so on, without having to register.

Office Always Locked

A glaring case recently came to my notice and has been thoroughly investigated by members of my staff. It illustrates to the full the futility of our charity laws.

In almost every part of Great Britain packages have been dropped through the letter-box containing a book of "receipts" and a circular headed "The Variety Artistes' Ladies' Guild (Estd. 1906)." In black type there are the words, "Christmas Appeal for the Forces," and the "Appeal Secretary" is R. J. Milne, of 72-74, Station Road, Redhill, Surrey.

Hundreds of these books of tickets have been sent on to me for advice, which shows the widespread nature of the appeal, and although the office address is at Redhill, most of the books were dispatched in envelopes bearing a London post-mark.

Under the law the name and address of the printer must be given on all such tickets, and in this case there is an imprint, "Printed and Published by R.J.M., Station Road, Redhill."

There is no printer with those initials in Redhill, and the office from which Mr. Milne, two other men and a woman operate there consists of only one room, which is always locked whether the people in question are in there or not.

War Saving Bonds of £100 downwards are the attractive prizes offered, and each ticket costs 6d., which is supposed to go to a "Comforts Fund for the Forces," minus 2s. which every seller of a complete book is allowed to deduct from the proceeds. The "expenses" to be deducted from the total receipts will be "approved by the Committee."

No skill whatever is required to compete for any of the prizes, and the whole project savours of a lottery conducted on the most universal lines.

Now, there is no "War Comforts Fund" attached to the Variety Artistes' Ladies' Guild, which is a reputable concern which has done much good work for music-hall old-timers down on their luck.

Not the First Time

Why the society allowed its name to be used for such a scheme puzzled me immensely until I made the discovery that this is not the first time it has been associated with undesirable appeals of this nature.

Just before Christmas, 1937, the country was flooded with books of tickets bearing the name of the Variety Artistes' Ladies' Guild, as a result of which a man named Herbert Edward Paget, "Appeals Secretary," was fined £100 and costs at South-Western Police Court for running a lottery.

Last Christmas-time I was almost as inundated as I have been this year with appeals then sent out bearing the name of the National Cigar and Tobacco Workers' Union.

The object was curiously similar—a "Christmas Appeal Comforts Fund for the Navy, Army and Air Force."

Appeal Secretary was "J. E. Ashley," who turned out to be really Albert Gilbert Roy White, who was finally fined with another man a total of £400 and 50 guineas costs under the Lottery Acts.

Every Scrap of Paper Counts

Nearly one hundred different "charities" have come under police review during the present year, but few have come into open court. Some were concerned with questionable collections for the Services, funds for the provision of tanks and Spitfires, help for poor evacuees, for the aged, sick and needy, and for sufferers impoverished by bombings and war conditions generally.

Pseudo Clergymen

Despite all legislation, the pseudo-clergyman continues to find pride of place in bogus charity inquiries. About a dozen have figured in recent investigations by Scotland Yard, and one has been associated with spurious "missions" for over twenty-six years, while another opened his first "chapel and soup kitchen" fifty-three years ago!

Such people, having headquarters in London, often find it no difficult task to obtain a licence for collecting in the provinces because their notepaper shows that they were established many years ago, and local authorities in smaller areas take them at their face value as they have been operating from a London address for so long!

Perhaps when this urgent matter is raised in the House, which I hope will be the sequel to this exposure, something will be done to end this vexatious and certainly very disquieting state of affairs.

We have been asked to point out that Irving and Company, sunblind makers, of 316, Stretford Road, Manchester, are in no way connected with the firm, Irving and Co., referred to in our issue dated November 10 last.

UNTOLD BLESSINGS : 5s. 6d.

"ONE of the greatest curses in this life is loneliness. The Golden Circle Club banishes this dread spectre by finding you suitable companions . . . whether of the opposite sex, your own sex, or both."

So runs the gush poured out by J. A. Jenkins, "Social Agent," The Golden Circle Club, Grosvenor Street, Cheltenham.

For a membership fee of 5s. 6d. untold blessings are apparently yours!

The Popular Friendship and Correspondence Club, Castlewood Road, London, N.16 (O. E. Williamson, Secretary), is a robust competitor. This possesses a "Marriage Bureau," and partners are available for 2s. (ladies), 2s. 6d. (gentlemen) and 1s. (Forces).

Place rubbish emanating from ventures of this type with your waste-paper salvage

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. William Le Monty, of Tatum Road, London, N.W.10, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. I am following up certain information he sent to me.

Write about any subject calling for enquiry or comment. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Englishmen are Incredible

The following pen-picture of the average Englishman—his emotions, his qualities and his cussedness—is taken from a new book by Gerald Kersh* in which he records his impressions of service in the Coldstream Guards.

MOST of us are stolid and reserved, shy of strangers and of the sound of our own voices.

But there is a darker fire under the crust, and a hard current under the ice of the poker-faced Englishman.

The expressionless Englishman, mouse-whiskered and talking at the ends of his teeth, and greeting his best-beloved friend with a curt "Hallo," demanding mutton chops and strong tea . . . yet drinking like a Russian, duelling like a Hungarian, gambling like a Chinaman, or swearing like a Croat if the occasion demanded it, was always a little mad and curiously colourful to the amazed peoples of the Continent when he went on tour.

Heavy and immobile, or high-strung and variable blond; enigmatic black; mercurial red; or primary blond, red, and black ground into the prevalent common nondescript brown—in these men there is a strange wayward will.

★ ★ ★

Dash of ferocious Britain, spot of aromatic Asia, jigger of crazy Celt, splash of gentle and murderous Saxon, tinge of iron Roman, shot of haughty Norman, drip of fiery Norse—the elements, even when they are blended to neutrality, give birth to something queerly individual.

You can imagine the baffled astonishment of Napoleon when Wellington, in Spain, imported some hounds and rode after local foxes in the blue coat of the Salisbury Hunt . . . grown men, tough soldiers, but serious gentlemen, *mon vieux*, dozens of them, all riding belly-to-earth after a species of vermin, blowing shrill notes out of a little brass trumpet!

And these same gents, with the dead-faced shopkeepers who followed them and took it all for granted, were the rock against which the Irresistible broke itself.

Quite crazy, demented, nuts—mad Englishman! Methodical in his eccentricity; cool to man and openly affectionate only to dogs and horses; stirred to applause or catcalls by nothing in the world but the struggles of twenty-two men with a ball.

Seemingly more engrossed in the defence of three stumps and a pair of bails against a five-and-a-half ounce ball, than in the defence of an Empire against barbarism.

Prone to forget everything in his eagerness to ascertain that one horse can run faster than eight others; regulating all combat by rules as of sport; unassuming as a mole and arrogant as a lion.

★ ★ ★

An islander of islanders, regarding his salty wet rock as a universe, and the universe as too foreign for serious consideration; looking upon himself, in a strange land, as the one Briton in a world of gibbering aliens; blindly despising and blindly tolerating all outlandish things.

Incredibly blundering into chaos and fantastically blundering out of it; conspicuously inconspicuous, insanely cheerful; bland as a fat man in an asylum who thinks he's the Buddha; and maddeningly calm . . . always bewilderingly calm.

Calm. What looks calmer than a flywheel at top speed? What is calmer than the heart of a whirlwind? . . .

* *"They Die with Their Boots Clean." Heinemann, 8s. 6d.*

STRANGER THAN FICTION

The Last Coin of Mr. Baer

By WALDO KELLAR

I stared. I saw his face. My heart beat so that I thought it would burst

LIFE lays down strange paths which the feet of man must tread in the dark.

When Baer told me this tale I felt full of awe and tears. Baer does not lie. He is a good man, and his clear eyes are full of plain, strong truth.

I know Baer. He has the heart of a saint—fresh and pure as a deep well, in spite of all the hard, sad years of his life.

We met on the stairs of Time: I was on my way up; he was on his way down. I was young. He was old, and poor—so poor that he did not know when luck would send him a meal and a bed.

His coat was thin; wind and rain bit right through it. Yet he could bear his head high and face life with a fine calm.

It is sad when a man is too weak to work, too strong to die, and too proud to beg . . . sad, yet great. Baer was a great man. This is what he told me:

★ ★ ★

It has been the will of Fate—or what you like—that all I made had to be broken. All that I ever got, I lost. Well, let it be like that.

All is gone—all but what was mine as the gift, the gift to me, of God.

What I have not lost is best of all. That I cannot lose. I mean, my soul. If a man keeps his soul, all can be got back in the end; so that in the end that man has won, not lost.

(That was how Baer spoke—in short, clear words.)

I was born in Russia, long years ago. My father was ill. My mother was tired with too much work.

When I was nine years old I went to work to help to feed six brothers. I worked and had no rest for sixteen years. This was in the time of the Tsar.

On the dawn of my twenty-fifth birthday there came a Pogrom. There was race-hate. The mob rose, and ran to kill all the Jews.

By then I had a wife, and a son of two years old. We all lived in one small house, for we were poor.

Soldiers came. There was an officer. He was young. There were eight soldiers. I tried to fight. What could I do? The officer cut me down. See this scar on my head; it was a sword.

I lay like a dead man all day long. They thought I was dead. When I came to it was night. I was weak. I struck a light. May they rest in peace, they were all dead . . . my son, my wife, my father, and mother, and brothers.

I must not say the things that had been done. I was mad for a time. Then friends helped me. Soon I went away, right away; out, right out of that land.

★ ★ ★

I went to Germany. I lived again. I found another wife. It is the will of God that man must have a family and not live alone.

I loved my wife, but she died . . . may she rest in peace . . . and there were left to me two sons. The first was Mark, and the younger one was Haim.

Mark went to fight for Germany in the year 1918 when the war was almost done. He was shot on the last day of the war. May he rest in peace.

Haim grew up to be a fine young man. We lived, he and I, like friends, with each other always.

Then Hitler came. Haim read books. He read books of all sorts. He was a boy with brains who read all things.

One day police came to the house and found books by a man named Marx, with the name of Haim written in them. They took Haim away.

They beat me till I could not stand or see, and then took Haim to a camp. I sat and hoped. A year went. News came. Haim was dead. I did not know how he had died. May he rest in peace with the others.

You will ask why I did not die, too. I do not know. I lived. They took all I had and let me go away. I went to France. "Let it be in God's hands to do with me what He wills," I said.

I had no food. I was starving.

In my hand, held tight, was one franc. This was in Paris.

In Paris is a park, the Parc Monceau. On a bench in this park, late one day, I sat and saw the sun go down, and asked why it was God's will that I should live, I, of all those I loved . . . live and mourn.

Then a man came and sat next to me. He spoke. He cursed Fate.

He had been a great man, once, he told me. He was a Russian. He had been a general, I think he said; some great man in the army before the Revolution.

He had had more money than he could spend . . . houses, jewels, furs, horses, all things a man can buy if he has wealth. Now, he told me, he starved like a dog and had no home.

He shook his head, and made a tired sign with his hand. I stared. I saw his face. My heart beat so that I thought it would burst.

This man who sat next to me in rags was the one who had led the soldiers in that Pogrom, and the same one who had cut me down with his sword in the dawn of that black day so long ago!

I knew that face as I knew my own face. I had thought of it more times than I could count. I had seen it in dreams. I had thought: "If God would send me that man to kill!"

But there he was, in front of my eyes, weak and poor as I was, with no bread and no roof, just like me.

★ ★ ★

My heart beat slow again. I was calm. I do not know why. I looked at him, straight in the eyes, and put my finger on the scar on my head, and said, in Russian:

"Do you know me?"

He shook his head and said, "No."

"No," I said. "You do not know me. But I know you."

My hands went up. My eyes were on his throat. It would not have been hard to kill him. He was thin and frail.

But then, being weak and tired, he began to cry.

And I, too, felt my eyes filling with tears—tears not for those whom I had loved and who were dead and gone—not tears for my own hurts—but tears of shame and pity for the whole world, for the whole world where men get tired and weak.

For the whole world of men who suffer in their souls and who do things not knowing what they do.

I felt for him as for a lost child, a weak and wild child who has kicked to pieces a great gift from a loving father, and who now sits and weeps over the bits which he can never mend.

"I am ill," he said. "I am hungry."

I could not help it. I do not know why I did it. It was something stronger than me. The franc was held tight in my hand. I gave it to him, and said: "Eat, then," and left the park.

Should We be Merry on Christmas Day?

Asks WILL SCOTT

★

A MERRY Christmas? Why not?

Because we shan't have the old-size Christmas dinner, the money we used to have, or the time?

Well, Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim hadn't the dinner, the money or the time. But they managed a merrier Christmas than Scrooge, who had the money and the time and could have had the dinner if he hadn't been Scrooge.

Bob and Tim, you see, had Christmas inside them, and Scrooge hadn't. Christmas isn't something outside of us, or a poor affair it would be.

Never Mind Appearances

Perhaps not more than one year in three can we really afford Christmas. And I don't suppose it's one year in ten that Christmas *looks* Christmasy. So that if we depended on externals it would be a wash-out more times than not.

But of all the cheerful occasions which have filled our calendars, Christmas least of all depends on externals. You can't have much of a seaside holiday without going all the way to the sea. And Pancake Day without a pancake is a dreary affair. But you *can* have a Merry Christmas without going anywhere and without doing anything. Unless, of course, you are a Scrooge.

The things round about us don't make Christmas. *We* make Christmas.

For the life of me I could not say what Christmas *is*. It began as a religious festival, but for some generations now it has been a kind of National Mystery.

It makes you forget the pile of bills that is waiting in January. It makes you remember the man next door. In June, you pass him with a nod. At Christmas you give him a grin.

It makes all of us *cheerful* about something which, analysed, might prove to be nothing. But it *does* make us cheerful.

I don't understand it in the least. I don't think anyone does. It's just something.

But unseasonable weather can't kill it. A slim purse can't kill it. A stack of bills can't kill it.

Therefore I say that the black-out and the income tax and all the grim background of war can't kill it.

Without the Trimmings

This third war time Christmas will find most of the trimmings missing (as they nearly always were for Bob and Tim), but you'll see, when the day comes, that you'll have a grin for the man next door. And the family talk at night will be a little louder and go on a little later.

It will be Christmas on the radio and Christmas in the local.

Why, it may even snow, just to show the Scrooges what doubting fools they are.

And if *you're* doubting—well, on Christmas morning just ask the youngsters if it's Christmas or not.

The spirit of Tiny Tim will be in them, even if the spirit of Scrooge is in you.

They'll prove to you that it's Christmas. What is more, they'll prove to you that Christmas will still be Christmas when they are as old as you, and Hitler is just a picture in a history book.

Wash out Christmas because of Hitler? I think not. One of the things wrong with him is that he's never had a really *Merry* Christmas, with happy *friends*, in all his fifty-three years.

The world is a mess, I know, but the Compliments of the Season to you, all the same.

And for heaven's sake *look like it!*

Join in the Wastepaper War

The Human Machine

ADAPTABILITY

Life is a series of changes. Nothing lasts for ever. At all costs we must cultivate the art of making adjustments, for that is the greatest secret of successful living.

But to be adaptable is not the same thing as to be restless and changeable, seeking change for its own sake.

You can be solid without being in a rut.

If you grow static you stagnate. If you stagnate you rot.

To achieve a nice balance between the two things is your real problem.

How can it be solved?

Quite simply, really. Keep in touch with people and with things. Keep abreast of the world. Keep your mind young and your outlook youthful.

And, above all, seek out what is worth while—and let the rest go.

★ *Vichy responds when Hitler seeks her collaboration. But what does the real France—the people of France—think of it all? Here you are told by an Englishwoman who has just reached Britain from Vichy France*

CAN VICHY HOLD FRANCE?

WHEN my village learned that I was going back to Britain there was something of a public demonstration in the main square.

The Mayor and Corporation turned out to wish me godspeed. The whole population was there.

But although I had lived in that olive-growing part of Provence since years before the war, I saw that demonstration as a tribute from the heart to a Britain that fights on.

My home was in an olive grove, fifteen miles from the Mediterranean.

I saw a reluctant mobilisation when war came.

The young men who were to bear the brunt of any war remembered the hardships of 1914-18, the bungled peace.

They were profoundly distrustful of Daladier and Co., and especially of such camouflaged Nazis as Darlan, Laval, and their kidney.

They were prepared for a "phoney war" ("*drôle de guerre*," as they called it).

Growth of a New Spirit

In the first months of war one met with the belief that the French were being used to pull Britain's chestnuts out of the fire.

Then came the fall of the French Republic, and I saw the growth of a new spirit.

Not until last January did we begin to appreciate that we were being eaten up by the Germans.

We were severely rationed before that, but the rations were provided as per schedule.

Then, suddenly, came acute shortage.

Somebody, we knew, was collaring our food. But who?

It was easy for O'Vichial France to blame the British blockade.

It couldn't account for the lack of meat, for the French were never, to any notable extent, importers of meat.

Fats, cheese and eggs became almost unobtainable after 1941 dawned. It is true that scant meat supplies (3 oz. per week) continued till May, but every little dole had its fat scrupulously removed.

As the shortage grew worse (and my own weight dropped from 10 st. to 7 st. 7 oz.), we found that the Germans were commandeering 80 per cent. of our supplies.

Exit All Alcohol

As early as the autumn of 1940 the chief supplies of alcoholic beverages were being sent to local distilleries for the supply of spirits to Germany.

In May, 1941, low-grade *vin ordinaire* was being freighted to the distilleries in Northern France, and the alcohol it contained (10 per cent. or less) extracted for German use.

Visiting the *Place* in a neighbouring village, I found the local populace joyful because those distilleries had been bombed by the "Rrroyal Airr Forrce."

Next, tobacco and cigarettes disappeared, despite the earlier assurances of "le Vieux Maréchal" that consumers of wines and tobaccos need not be alarmed about supplies.

Then local olive farmers were told their crops had to be harvested by early June, and that only one-third of the oil extracted would be returned to them.

That meant one litre per month per person, little more than useless to people so dependent on olive oil as are the French.

By the middle of June we were told that that meagre allowance was to be reduced by two-thirds more.

Where was the rest going? To the Germans! The British blockade (invoked as excuse) couldn't explain it.

Stole the Silkworms!

What hadn't been freighted to Germany direct had been sent to Marseilles—to be made into soap for German use.

We had important bauxite mines—and bauxite makes aluminium.

Mines were soon working to capacity for our German masters, under German auspices.

Silk is a local product of big importance. The Germans even commandeered our silkworms for parachutes.

There are two main potato crops. They were loaded directly into trucks for Germany.

Not a penny-piece was paid for them. They were just stolen.

And so I saw this change of feeling towards Pétain.

Mistrust of the local Nazi-inspired Press grew.

People had made excuses for Pétain on account of his honourable past—but even that passed. They no longer call him "le Vieux Maréchal." He is now "Papa Gaga" (Grandpa Softhead).

I displayed my views and sympathies in the most widespread manner. But I never reached a concentration camp.

French officials are disgruntled, but, however much they pray for British intervention, they toe the line.

Gone are the happy days when the peasants had milk and butter in abundance

Their salaries, their pensions, their present and their future, all depend on Vichy.

But not one anti-Nazi word I ever said to French officials was ever passed on to the Nazis.

80 Per Cent. with Us

I asked a *lieutenant de gendarmerie*, a *chef de brigade*, and a *commissaire de police* how many French people were strongly with us in this struggle.

They said 80 per cent. were determinedly so, and waiting for the day of British intervention. Nineteen per cent. were not pro-Vichy, but were more concerned with their ration-cards than anything. One per cent. were wholeheartedly pro-Vichy.

And that's France: betrayed France: the France that will be at our side again when the chance comes, and that longs for the Day.

They're Tougher Than Nazis!

PARATROOPS and Commandos are not the Army's only shock troops.

Since Dunkirk, other "all-in warfare" units have been formed. Thousands of picked men in ordinary regiments, too, have been specially trained to fight—when necessary—like cads, with no holds barred.

Our new Tommies will prove more than a match for Hitler's toughs.

At recent manœuvres, troops from the new "Recco" (Reconnaissance) Corps" were seen in action for the first time. All picked volunteers, they are known as the "rough riders of the mechanised army."

They are likely to become as famous as the paratroops.

★ ★ ★

"Recco" units are entirely mechanised.

Their function is to dash ahead of the main armies at 50 m.p.h.—in cars, Bren carriers, armoured cars, lorries and on motor-cycles—and to penetrate far into enemy territory.

These "modern cavalry" units are entirely self-contained, with their own petrol carriers, repair units, automatic cookers and mobile offices.

Designed for lightning raids, they could if required fight on independently of the main force for many days.

Their men are as tough as any Commandos.

Spectators at the manœuvres watched them storming a position heavily protected with barbed wire, running forward and firing automatic weapons from the hip.

Tough? I should say so!

★ ★ ★

Every man is a skilled mechanic. A "crew" of two can strip the heavy caterpillar tracks off a Bren carrier, clean and overhaul them, and have the carrier running again within 20 minutes.

One of the Army's latest ideas is that of "Initiative Training" for picked men.

It teaches the individual soldier to rely entirely on his own abilities and resources in any conditions he is likely to meet in real warfare.

These men are sent out on long cross-country trips, without money or travel passes, and have to use their wits to make their way.

Their objective may be a town 100 miles away, and they must reach it, report, and return to camp within a time limit.

How they get there is left to their own initiative. They may hitch-hike, "jump" a train, "borrow" a car left unimmobilised at night. And unless they can persuade some kindly householder to put them up, they must sleep rough in barns or fields.

In nearly every case the men succeed in doing the trip well within the time limit. And they certainly enjoy these strenuous "leaves"!

You'll Hit Hitler by Saving Paper!

CHRISTMAS:

CHRISTMAS festivities in old days began on December 24, and lasted till January 6 (Epiphany). There were twelve days and nights of rejoicing—religious worship and secular merry-making.

One reader thinks that Christmas has been spoilt.

At the risk of being called another Scrooge (*he writes*), I am not sorry that war conditions have made our usual sort of Christmas impossible. We have always done far too much eating and drinking, with results which every doctor knows. My opinion is that it has become a racket to make people spend more than they can afford.

Even the kiddies who come carol singing have only one motive—making money on the cheap. They start any time after November 5, and they rarely know more than one verse of a hymn.

I am aware that Christmas has a deep significance for Christian people, but apart from that the season is little more than an orgy of foolish spending.

The first point to be made is that Christmas is regarded as the one time in the year for family reunion. It is a tradition that scattered families forgather in the old home.

YULE, too, is essentially a children's celebration. Hence the parties, the games, the pantomimes, the dressing up, and the miraculously filled stockings.

Arnold Bennett once wrote a book about "The Feast of Saint Friend." He regarded Christmas as the time for old friendships to be renewed.

Christmas means all these things to ordinary folk, and it would be melancholy to let the reason of good will decline.

But there is no fear of its being forgotten. It is the one bright spot in the darkest part of the year.

I remember (*writes a mother*) that you recommended the reading of Dickens's "Christmas Carol"—but don't you think it unwise to suggest ghosts to young children?

The description of old Marley's ghost is terrifying. They are afraid to go to bed afterwards.

It is unwise, admittedly, to introduce ideas of spooks to young children. Their own imaginations conjure up enough alarming images without outside help. Their dreams are often horribly frightening.

And speaking of dreams, reminds me that when I wrote about the subject a short time ago, I received a great many letters from readers, and I want to thank all those whom I did not answer by post.

It seems indisputable that people see colours in dreams. The evidence is overwhelming.

Readers have dreamt about blue skies, crimson sunsets, purple butterflies, gorgeous tropical birds, fields of poppies, rainbows, and dresses in the loveliest shades. Their letters would fill the whole of JOHN BULL.

BUT about another aspect of dreams there is difficulty. A reader who has done experiments in telepathy in connection with the Society for Psychical Research, writes:

No telepathic impulse is strong enough to be received during sleep. Real communication by telepathy can, and does, occur between people who have similar

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

Have we Let it Become a Racket?

That is the suggestion put by a reader—and the answer is "No." Christmas is the one bright spot in the darkest part of the year

Says HUMANIST

Christmas is essentially a children's celebration

mental calibre and a strong emotional tie.

These messages may be transmitted quite unconsciously during stress, and they can be sent deliberately between people who have practised the sending and receiving of impressions.

Nearly everyone can obtain a measure of success in this matter by patient practice.

I wish the writer of that letter could read some of the dream stories which have reached me.

MANY of them are tragic, and I may quote one or two examples another week.

But here is one which has a happier ending:

I had been nursing my husband's father through a serious illness, and in consequence I was very tired. An aunt who lived near offered to take my four-year-old daughter for the day so that I could get some sleep.

My worry was that this aunt lived close to the canal, but she assured me that I need have no fear. I quickly fell fast asleep. But I had a dream in which I saw, to my horror, that my little girl was struggling in the water and shouting "Mummie!"

Shortly afterwards, the door opened and in walked my little darling, dripping wet from head to foot, followed by a boy of seven, who had dragged her out.

My little girl told me: "I called you, Mummie, but you didn't come."

It is difficult to dismiss this incident as a coincidence, and I assure readers that I could quote dozens of similar stories.

The odds against so many coincidences are enormous.

It is easier to believe in telepathy.

Deliberate attempts to communicate thoughts at an agreed time are common between man and wife or between lovers. They send messages through the ether by a sort of wireless which is not yet understood.

In many cases the results are doubtful, but it would be interesting to hear from readers who have been successful.

The whole subject is fascinating.

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

VOICE of the TROOPS

AT the dawn of every day you hear them returning, those big, beautiful bombers of ours.

What high adventure have their crews tasted while you have been sleeping? What wounds do they bear? How lucky do they count themselves to be back over Britain once more?

You have to read their letters—such letters as Mr. Harold Jacob, of the Station Garage, Pensarn, Abergeta, North Wales, has received from his pilot-officer observer brother—to know:

Done ten operational flights since I saw you last. One minelaying job, and raids over Norway, Hamburg, Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, and Occupied Holland.

Thought my number was up at Kiel. Went in to attack at 3,000 ft. to be sure of hitting U-boats in the docks, let bombs go, and got in the searchlights.

Caught in a great cone of them, and every blasted gun in the place opened up on us.

Old kite bucked like a horse. Aerial shot away. Dived to 500 ft., but still held by lights—and Jerries were popping at us from roof-tops with machine-guns.

Rear-gunner let 'em have it, while we sprayed the searchlights—and eventually Eric (the pilot) got us in the clouds again.

Over Hamburg on Friday, and were chased by night-fighter. Managed to lose him, but my South African pal came home with two petrol tanks holed, tail punctured, heating system shot up and undercarriage bent. Will resume letter later, as duty calls.

Six days later: Have done a spot of bombing at Oslo, in Norway. Very difficult. Mountains covered with snow and ice. Had to climb 20,000 ft., where temperature was 30 degrees below freezing.

Last night I was over the Ruhr. Hot reception. Those Germans seem to be somewhat hostile!

Felt I got a bit of my own back for Jerry's raids on us, for we managed to raid one of his aerodromes just as his machines were returning from bombing Britain. We went in at 1,500 ft. and dropped our bombs on their bombers as they were landing.

We screamed over their 'drome with guns blazing, yelling like madmen. Must continue later: duty calls again.

Two days later: My pal Pete didn't return from that Oslo raid. Germans report his machine was shot down into the railway station, with two of crew captured. Hope poor Peter is one.

But I got my revenge over Essen. Had a military target bang in the middle of Essen. Can't tell you how determined I was to get it. And I did—with three beauties.

Danes still flash us the V sign in morse as we pass over, and let streams of light pour out of the doors of their houses to help us on our way.

★ ★ ★

ONE PLEDGE—REVENGE

And now a letter from the sergeant-pilot brother of Mrs. Saunders, St. Ann Street, Salisbury, Wilts. He writes from out East:

We've two Free Frenchmen, a Pole and a Dutchman in our mob. Their stories are better than an Edgar Wallace thriller.

The two Frenchmen (who are great pals) got across France together after the occupation, stole a motor-boat under Jerry's very nose, broke down in mid-Channel, and were eventually picked up by a destroyer.

The Dutchman lost his wife and kiddie in the Rotterdam raid, and later, with a fellow-pilot, killed the crew of a German machine to make their getaway.

To him, every German machine he meets is piloted by the man who murdered his little family, and he treats them accordingly.

The Pole is a charming chap, but very silent. He seems to be brooding over what has happened to Poland. He just lives for downing Jerry and keeping on downing him.

We have managed to get a few words from him about the horrors in Poland. He doesn't tell these stories in lavish sentences. He tells them so simply and haltingly that there is something terrifying about the recital.

God help the Germans when Poland's moment of revenge comes, if there are many more who feel as deeply as he does.

Bob (the writer's friend) got his third Jerry on Sunday morning. All over in ten seconds. A beautiful burst from Bob, and that Jerry had ceased to be. That puts him one up on me. I don't know when I'll be able to level up the score. —Bob.

★ ★ ★

AIRMEN—NOT NUDISTS!

But Leading Aircraftman J. Spencer has another kind of adventure to describe. He is stationed "somewhere next to a nudist colony in England," and he writes home:

The nudists are in a wood, and men, women and children alike have "back-to-Nature" swims in a swimming-pool.

We asked whether we could use the pool, and our officer—a very human and sensible man—said: "I see no reason whatever why you shouldn't."

So six of us borrowed proper bathing-costumes and got busy in the water with a big rubber ball.

An old chap of about seventy, wearing nothing but his birthday suit, came up. He was in charge of the colony. He protested that we were making it very difficult for the lady members to bathe there.

He argued that it was difficult for shy women nudists to bathe with men who were wearing costumes.

Seeing the looks of embarrassment on our faces, he said: "I don't suppose you are so embarrassed when you go drinking in pubs"—a remark we didn't quite understand.

Anyhow, he went and brought along five weary-looking naked men, two very matronly females, and four rather unattractive young girls—all in the nude.

Our fellows are pretty hard-boiled, but it was too much for them. We rushed like madmen through the thicket, cursing like troopers, and scratching our thighs and legs as we ran. There was a lot of leg-pulling back in camp, but we all said we'd rather volunteer as commandos or paratroops than go into that swimming-pool again!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

SAD to think that we not only gave Germany the *idea* of tanks but (in the shiploads of old metal we sent to Germany for years, and about which I was protesting to a prominent M.P. as far back as 1937) gave her the materials with which to build them.—E. J. Martin, Grenville Place, Brighton, Sussex.

★ ★ ★

Behind numerous prosecutions for making false returns of income to get free milk for children is the fact that many women are never told their husbands' true wages.—H. S. N., Bristol.

★ ★ ★

"Work harder than ever" is the notice displayed in a large local munition factory that is unable to get supplies to enable its workers to work at all.—G. Ward (address withheld).

★ ★ ★

I am one of the big army of disabled men quite well able to do the lighter forms of war work, but which the Government is content to leave drawing National Health money—men who would work damned hard for the privilege of being removed from the scrap-heap.—A. R. W., Hastilar Road South, Sheffield, 2.

★ ★ ★

Lighter-flints cost up to five times the pre-war price. Extra transport charges, war insurance, or what?—B. Lyle, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Tear old novels in half before contributing them to the national salvage effort. I have a friend who gave 35 books for pulping, found nine of them offered for sale at a second-hand bookshop. In fairness to local dustmen, it was not in this district.—P. R. S., Argyle Road, Ealing, W.

★ ★ ★

Hazards of Atlantic travel being what they are, why can I buy better Canadian apples at 9d. per pound than British at 1s. 3d.?—Mrs. F. E. Wolsey, Keogh Road, Stratford, E.15.

★ ★ ★

Spruce and fir being valuable timbers, Italy banned Christmas trees in 1935 to conserve forests—Russia in 1917. Yet we are allowing our meagre plantations to be stripped.—C. Webster, Higham, near Nelson.

AND STILL MORE

MORE tanks, more guns, more toil and still more sweat, for More can do MORE: this truth let none forget. More ships, more planes, more shells, more AND STILL MORE, *for the More we give the Sooner we'll Win this War.*

MORE zest, more service, more savings and more speed. More is the challenge, the great Demand, the Need. More prayers, more Faith, more work, more Willing Hands given to this Mighty Hour with Victory in its sands.

MORE sacrifice, more tightening of Resolve, More weapons, more wheels in more Factories to revolve. More, and still MORE, of ALL we've got to Give, for MORE is the ONLY WAY TO MAKE THIS LIFE MORE FIT TO LIVE.

J. M.

Whichever way you say it, the fact is we are all "All Out" for Victory. Enjoy Sharp's Toffee while you are working, and even if you can't get any for the moment, keep working. Remember, Sharp's the word for Victory, and Sharp's the toffee too.

"Big Six" Toffee 11- per ¼ lb.

CHAPS, CRACKS CHILBLAINS— HEALED OVERNIGHT

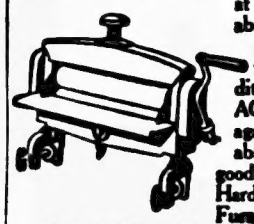
Don't be ashamed of those chapped hands, those ugly irritating chilblains, and red cracked heels. Stop the pain, and get back to normal by using Snowfire Healing Tablet. Remember too this marvellous remedy takes the pain right out of burns and scalds. Its effects are almost miraculous.

Snowfire Healing Tablet costs so little—does so much.

a word of four letters meaning the finest wringer-mangle-cleanser-all in one!

ACME

The makers deeply regret that, owing to wartime conditions, it may be impossible to renew the limited stocks of ACME Wringers at present available. Whenever peace is restored and conditions allow, ACMES will again be obtainable through all good Ironmongers Hardware and Furnishing Stores.



THE ACME LION

Worth a Guinea a Box

Today there are millions of healthy people who have found in Beecham's Pills the secret of good health. Why don't you adopt this Golden Rule of Health and keep free from every-day ills? Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable—gentle, natural, effective, reliable.

Obtainable everywhere

Prices in Great Britain (Inc. Purchase Tax)

1/4 & 3/3 per box

ALSO IN PENNYWORTHS

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile! There's more than confidence and courage behind an Odol Smile—there's the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol—and when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth. So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 10½d. a tin.

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE 7½d., 1/3d., 1/10½d.
SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d.
Including Purchase Tax.

THE LAST LAUGH

F. M. (Neath).—"I had to break the ice before I could wash this morning." Was there a stranger in the bathroom who was using the only piece of soap?

E. K. C. (Putney).—"The policewoman took my name and address." Congratulations! Where are you going for your honeymoon?

P. D. (Colliers Wood).—"If I ever happened to meet Goering I would break his neck." See letter below.

Mrs. D. (Colliers Wood).—"My husband is so timorous that he almost faints when anyone knocks against him in the black-out." See letter above.

K. G. (Allerton).—"I'm afraid all the good things such as cigars, whisky and port will be missing as far as I am concerned this year." So will the headache next day.

L. N. (Nuneaton).—"Instead of forwarding you the usual greetings card, I am sending you a poem of my own composition." Bang goes that Happy Christmas.

J. H. (Wellingborough).—"Burglars broke into my house and stole some manuscripts of short stories which, however, they returned the next day." Is that quicker than they usually come back?

F. N. H. (Chesham).—"A man who drinks heavily shortens his life." But he manages to see twice as much as other people in the time.

L. W. (London, N.W.).—"It was a serious play, but I had to laugh out loud because something tickled me." Your winter underwear?

C. R. (Essex).—"I am ninety and have never travelled by air." You forget that journey by stork way back in 1851.

N. M. (Preston).—"Stalking—the technique of approaching the quarry silent and unseen—is an important part of Army training." After the war, the men who return to their positions as beach inspectors should have no difficulty in capturing the holiday-maker ensconced in a deck-chair without a ticket.

T. A. (Saxmundham).—"I am a confirmed pessimist and have no time for the so-called festive season." Still, we would like to wish you a Christmas and a New Year.

OLD BILL: by Bruce Bairnsfather

"By the time you get this letter you'll probably be in Cairo, having a good time while your poor old wife is at home fire-watching."

H. K. (Trowbridge).—"Where is the good old yule log of twenty years ago?" Surely you do not expect us to trace its ashes now?

G. L. (Templecombe).—"I'm afraid I'll have no turkey to carve this year. What about you?" Sorry, but we'd hate to be carved.

N. Y. (Sanderstead).—"Is the orange still considered to be a healthy fruit?" Well, we have hardly seen any in the throes of consumption during the past year.

G. B. (Rochester).—"A dancer appearing on the London stage in a scanty costume received letters objecting to her performance." But no constructive criticism such as clothing coupons.

T. E. (Exeter).—"The Italian public was recently told that it was going to be a long war." A very long war. In fact, it was officially stated in Rome that Italy would fight until she had achieved victory!

D. M. (Manchester).—"The people of this country are wholeheartedly on the side of Russia." Although the Government is criticised in some quarters for timidity in ordaining that the new points ration books should be merely a pale pink.

GREATEST OF THESE

● A case that must evoke sincere sympathy is that of Mr. A. G. Healy, who, since his discharge from the Army in 1940, has suffered from severe gastric trouble and has been unable to work.

His distress was further increased by the death in hospital of his little boy of six.

His eldest son, while training as a pilot in the R.A.F., was killed in a crash; and his second son, returned to industry from the Forces, died in hospital in July last.

Following these unhappy events, his wife has had to pawn her wedding ring and sell everything possible to enable them to pay their rent and maintain the only child spared to them—a little lad of five.

Mr. Healy is now only fifty-four, and in six short months has suffered enough tribulation for a life-time. His wife does a few days' charring when she can manage it, but, in spite of all her efforts rent is over £5 in arrears.

Will you help this stricken family? Donations earmarked "Bereavements" or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Side-Slips

EVENING DESPATCH (BIRMINGHAM): —"...stated that the ground FLOUR of their premises was 20 ft. higher than the ground floor of the plaintiff's factory...."

NORTHERN ECHO: —"German Official News Agency claimed that Leningrad was getting a terrible battering from German artillery and hundreds of DOVE bombers."

Result of "BULLETS" 1,301

FIRST PRIZE £50.

6. Holden, 5, Victoria St., Clayton, Bradford, Yorks.
Example: DISEASE'S FOREFRONT
Bullet: HE HOOF "HOOF" WITHIN!

220: A. D. Ellis, 4, Chesterton Rd., Coventry.
Example: Real Welfare
Bullet: Only "Whale Meat" Starving.

210: S. H. Welsh, 22, Copthorne Av., Bromley, Kent.
Example: Good Food
Bullet: For Character, "Hard Chosen."

55: Mrs. M. Odgers, Silverwell, Truro, Cornwall.
Idle Daisy—"Weed" In "Victory Path."

84: F. W. Marshall, 3, Coventry Rd., Reading.
Must Be Taken—Tommy, Peggoty—Pop, Tommy-gun!

85: J. Plummer, Hill Farm, Shalford, Braintree, Essex
Soldier's Wife—"Cinderella" Visiting "Three Bears."

63: Mrs. E. Brayshaw, 76, Hanley Wood Rd., Burnley.
Tyranny—To Watch, To Wait!

90a: E. G. Evans, 42, Shaftesbury Rd., Weston-super-Mare.
Idle Turnstile—While Germany's "Storming Gates."

92a: H. J. Pike, 19, Paradise Rd., Andover, Hants.
Idle Hands—Forget What Behind "Bolts."

92a: W. R. Hoven, Plummer's Hill, Wells, Norfolk.
Must Be Forgiven—Dad "Soaked"—God Wasn't!

92a: 7035760 L/Cpl. A. Inman, A.T.C., R.A.O.C., Somewhere-in-Britain.
Idle Speaker—"Colonel" Who Won't "Watch."

92a: J. G. Davies, 62, Dogfield St., Cathays, Cardiff.
Learning to Smoke—Sunny—Not To, Dad!

Xmas Dinner Award with 8 Chief Prizes above.

A list of 3 Winners of 92a. and 50 Winners of Xmas Cakes can be seen at three offices. The 1,000 Word Awards have also been posted.

42 XMAS PRIZES

WON IN XWORD No. 253

WINNING WORDS—1. Shave. 2. Penny. 3. Grab. 4. Gaze. 5. Beats. 6. Tea. 7. Grab. 8. Robe. 9. Plan. 10. Odd. 11. Small. 12. Wife. 13. Style. 14. Wake.

SEVEN £100 SHARERS: S. Bragg, 68, Poyle Road, Londonderry; A. Hutchings, 75, Chudleigh Hay, South Woodside Park, N.12; T. J. Hill, 94, Kembles Road, Liverpool, 19; G. Hudson, 28, Malham Grove, London, S.E.22; R. H. E. Fear, 48, Lansdowne Street, Alexandria, Scotland; F. Powell, Richmond, Newbury; E. Scott, 12, Ryde Road, Clapham Common, S.W.12.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 35 winners. In addition Xmas Pudding goes to each also-winner in this Contest.

SEE NEXT PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE OVER £350

The Greengrocer says...

"Your little boy's oranges, Mrs. Brown? Ah, you've brought his green ration book *this* time! And what else may I have the pleasure . . . ? Yes, we've plenty of other good things for you, Specially in the vegetable line. Or the vitamin line, as the saying goes nowadays.

What about some nice carrots this morning? There's a grand crop this year—thanks to the farmers. They do say that for keeping illness at a distance the carrot's a real blessing to all of us, young and old alike. Worth remembering this time of year. And they taste a treat, in my opinion, if you cook 'em cleverly and dish 'em up nicely—my missus knows a dozen different ways. Even put them into puddings you can—and very good puddings they make too: you'd be surprised.

Excuse me running on, Mrs. Brown, but do you know what else the doctors say about carrots? They say they make us see better in the dark. S'wonderful!

Four pounds, Mrs. Brown? Have you got your basket?

Food Facts

No. 73, introducing Dr. Carrot

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

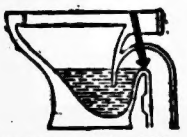
Leave lavatory-cleaning to HARPIC

1 JUST SPRINKLE IN AND LEAVE

Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic in the lavatory. Sprinkle in and leave it till morning.

2 WHOLE BOWL CLEANS WHITE

In the morning, flush and you will find the lavatory pan is white and clean; all discoloration has vanished.



3 CLEANS S-BEND TOO

The part you *see* is clean, and so is the important part you can't see—the S-bend in the pipe at the back. Everything is sanitary and safe. And so easily, so *pleasantly!*

NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF HARPIC

Harpic is specially made for cleaning the lavatory. That's why it works so thoroughly and surely. From now on, *leave it to Harpic.* Get some to-day!

Your Chemist recommends—

CALVEX

BRAND CARBOLIC **OINTMENT**

"YOUR FIRST AID"

CALVEX OINTMENT

A CALVERT PRODUCT

FALSE TEETH *COMFORT CONFIDENCE SECURITY Guaranteed*

Yes—guaranteed—because it is a Dentist's own professional formula backed by the surgery tests and written endorsement of over 6,000 other Dentists. Simply squeeze a little 'Dentesive' on your denture (upper or lower)—*then eat anything without difficulty.* Talk freely. Laugh without restraint. 'Dentesive' holds your plate steady as a rock, comfortably cushioned upon happy protected gums. No food gets under your denture when eating—'Dentesive' seals the edges. One single application gives you this *all-day* comfort and security. 'Dentesive' is new; there's nothing else like it. Price 7½d. and 1/3 at chemists.

Don't lose sleep through NIGHT COUGHS

SLEEP is not always possible; for reasons beyond your control, but there is no need to lose sleep through night attacks of coughing. Quite apart from the danger implied by the fact that you have these night attacks, there is the imperative fact that you must not lose a precious moment when sleep *is* possible. It is within your power to stop that night coughing agony. The remedy is VERO'S *Lightning* COUGH CURE. Take a double dose in warm water before you go to bed. Keep the bottle by your bedside and if you wake with a coughing attack, take a dose at once. VERO'S *Lightning* COUGH CURE will end those paroxysms, give you restful sleep, free and easy breathing, strengthen your chest and lungs and *arrest the development of dangerous germs.* Get a bottle at once. VERO'S *Lightning* COUGH CURE is sold everywhere. 1/4 & 3/3 per bottle. (*Inc. Pur. Tax*).

WIN A CHEQUE and PLUM PUDDING!

PLUM PUDDINGS **£100** CASH 1st PRIZE **£25** VALUE IN RUNNERS-UP AWARDS

FOR X-WORDS—ONE WITH EVERY PRIZE!

For result of Xword No. 253, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

USUAL RULES, TO APPEAR NEXT WEEK, GOVERN THIS 2-WEEK CONTEST

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry columns. 5p Entry-fee for 1 Col. 3p 3p 3p

1	IF YOU'VE GOOD THIS, IT WILL HELP TO KEEP YOU WARM			F		R	E			
2	ON SOME KINDS OF THIS IT'S SPECIALLY EASY TO CUT YOUR HAND			G		A	S	S		
3	NORMALLY IT'S DISTURBING TO HEAR NEIGHBOUR'S THIS	S	I	N		I	N	G		
4	MANY PEOPLE HATE THE THOUGHT OF GIVING BLOOD EVEN A SMALL ONE			G		N				
5	MAN WHO IS THIS SHOULD HAVE SOME UNDERSTANDING OF HUMAN FRAILTY					E	A	K		
6	DOES WELL FIND IT DIFFICULT TO KEEP EMPLOYEE WHO HOOTS ON THIS		M	O		E				
7	THIS KIND OF SHOW APPEALS TO FEW PEOPLE	A	R	I						
8	MAY SOMETIMES BOW BEFORE STORM		B	E		C	H			
9	IT'S HARD TO CUT UP VERY TOUGH ONE			L		G				
10	GENERALLY SPEAKING, IT APPEARS MORE ATTRACTIVE WHEN LIT UP					R	A	M		
11	SUCH MANNER MAY SOMETIMES CONCEAL DIPLOMAT'S SERIOUS AIM	S	I	L		Y				
12	IT'S USUALLY MISTAKE TO ENGAGE BIG ONE FOR NEW UNDERTAKING		S	T		F	F			
13	INDEPENDENT MAN WHO KNOWS HE'S RIGHT WON'T FEAR STANDING UP TO		B	O		S				
14	SOLDIERS WILL FIGHT BETTER IF CONTENT OF THEIR					A	S	E		

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee. Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 5.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including cost of "Bulletin" and "directio."

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

(No. 257)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY XWORD NO. 257, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

COUPON for "BULLETS" 2-WEEK CONTEST (No. 1,305) will appear next week—meanwhile, work on Examples below

SERVING THE NATION	WAY THINGS ARE GOING	Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.
ALL IN	KEEPING TO CHIPS	
HITLER'S SLAVES	CAMOUFLAGE DEVICE	
THE GAME IS UP, SO	WE LAUGH AT GRANDPA, BUT	SPIRIT OF.....
DECLINED	KEEP FROCK	ON THE ROAD TO.....
WHEN WE INVADE GERMANY	TO SAVE PAPER	SHADOW OVER.....
CONSCRIPTION	MAKING THINGS HOT	MIGHT HAVE BEEN.....
MAN IN THE LIMELIGHT	CONSCRIPTED	HELL BE.....
AFRAID OF NOTHING	IN THE OLD DAYS	SOUND OF THE.....
PRIDE AND WAGES	NOT TO BE SEEN AT	

CLOSING POSTMARK WILL BE MONDAY, JANUARY 5.

PICK 4 LETTERS which was the best "Bullet" of 1941? TO WIN £25

YOUR EXTRA XMAS OPPORTUNITY

FROM the seven First Prize efforts below, simply pick out the FOUR best "Bullets." Place them in order and show that order by giving KEY LETTERS ONLY in each entry column used. Closing Postmark, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 30.

OPEN ONE WEEK ONLY — post Coupon below by TUES., DEC. 30.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES for £25 CONTEST

This £25 CASH will be awarded to entrant who (in one column of coupon, accompanied by correct entry-fee) gives in his the KEY LETTERS ONLY of the four most above, cut and original of the First Prize Bullets below, in order of merit as established by competent Bullets Adjudicators. Two divide. Editor's decision final in any matter of dispute. Result will appear in JOHN BULL published January 10.

A	BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC WE'VE A GRAVE, MISTAKE.
B	BRITAIN'S COURAGE REASON TO GROAN "—SHOCKER."
C	BRITAIN AND AMERICA THREATENED "IS THAT GRAVE."
D	AS HITLER'S GROUP A "JUGGLE," NOT "GLASS."
E	GO AND GO HIS FLAGGED—ARMS, APPLAUDED.
F	WE DON'T WANT WORLD—NEW CONTENTED WORLD.
G	WORLD OF TO-GETHER TOMORROW, UNLESS HITLER'S TYRANNY.

4 COLUMNS FOR 5p 6 FURTHER COLS FOR 6p

ENTRY - FEE INSTRUCTIONS

Readers OUTSIDE the U.K. may send POSTAGE STAMPS to the fee of 6 columns Entry, or 12 in STAMPS for 10-column Entry. If preferred, we accept P.O. payable JOHN BULL. No other form of entry-fee accepted.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS £25 ENTRY "£25 JUDGING CONTEST," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

MU[ST]

A mild fragrant [mix]ture from specially [sel]ected matured leaf. Recommended with all confidence for the occasion which demands a more than usually choice and mellow tobacco.

—for Sundays

PER 1½ OZ.

WAR WORKERS FIRST

MUST SHE WALK HOME?

You who can choose your travel-times—*please* avoid rush hours. So many people have no choice, going to and fro on essential jobs, that it isn't LOYAL to make matters worse for them. On bus, or tram, or train, remember this—*war workers deserve first place.*

TRAVEL BETWEEN 10 & 4 and dont crowd out the War Workers!

Issued by the Ministry of War Transport and Ministry of Labour and National Service

"I've been missing a good thing for years"

VP POINT BRAND

"Seems you need to be in a tight corner to appreciate what the old country can do. This wine for instance . . . . astonishingly good quality . . . . British, you know . . . . they've been making it here for 40 or 50 years in the old traditional way from grapes which come from the world's best vineyards. Not so much of it about nowadays but you can get some if you keep on trying . . . and believe me it's worth while."

RICH RUBY * 3/9 PER BOTTLE

V.P. RICH RUBY — *A rich, full bodied, generous wine of Port character, mellow and mature.*

V.P. BRITISH SHERRY — *is a fully matured medium sherry of delightful aroma and delicacy.*

V.P. SWEET WHITE — *is a white sweet wine of Port character, with fine delicate bouquet.*

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD. [illegible]

Obtainable through Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers only.

With Colds & 'Flu about 'ASPRO' Saves the day!

Saves Time Money & Lying Up!

It is at tricky times like the present that 'ASPRO' service to the nation is proved right up to the hilt. Happily, in spite of changeable weather, the black-out and strenuous living, the nation's health was never better. Time after time 'ASPRO' saves the day, saves people lying up. With colds and 'flu about prompt action at inception is the secret. At the first sign of shivering or sneezing take two 'ASPRO' tablets. Two more with a hot drink when you go to bed and all sign of feverishness and aching limbs will be gone by the morning. Remember, too, that used in a little water as a gargle 'ASPRO' affords protection against infection. The world-wide reputation of 'ASPRO' as the leading remedy for feverish colds and 'flu has been built on public recognition of its merits. Thousands have written gratefully about the services 'ASPRO' has rendered them. Prominent doctors have testified to its value. Why not give it a trial yourself?

2 'ASPRO' tablets with a Hot Drink SMASH Colds & Flu in ONE NIGHT!

SORE THROAT AND BAD COLD ENDED AFTER THREE 'ASPRO' GARGLES

Mrs. E. HOLLOWAY writes from 220 Carlisle Street, Victoria:—"A short time ago I had a very bad throat, almost closed up and very sore, with signs of a heavy cold coming on. I immediately gargled my throat with 'ASPRO', as well as taking it as you direct. After the first gargle my throat eased up considerably and after the third gargle all soreness left, my cold disappeared and I was my old self again."

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

'ASPRO' PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 6½ 1/3½ 2/6½

A close shave!

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

ON THE WEEKLY-WALLET THE BLADES LAST LONGER

Makers also of STEAD SILVER STEEL RAZOR BLADES

JOIN A 'VICTORY V' CLUB

The Coxswain SWEARS by KOLYNOS! of course

Tight-lipped and keen-eyed, the Coxswain's doing a man's job at the wheel. And when he's 'watch below' you'll find him just the same. 'Obstinate,' some say. 'Gets his teeth into a thing and won't let go.' Talking of teeth now, he swears by Kolynos. 'Belay that!' he'll pipe, 'Where'd I stow the Kolynos?' And so they have to wait while the Coxswain gets his teeth ship-shape. No wonder! You can't beat KOLYNOS for white teeth and a healthy mouth.

RHEUMATISM

Pain fades out as Sloans soaks in.

Sloans Liniment gives Nature just the help she needs to rid you of rheumatic pains and stiffness. Sloans warms and soothes the aching tissues, stimulates the circulation, disperses congestion and gives you real relief from the pain. Don't suffer, apply Sloans gently at the first twinge.

Use Sloans to stop the pains of **lumbago, backache, sciatica, neuritis, neuralgia, sprains, bruises** and **cramp.** Sloans acts quickly and never fails to relieve. Get a bottle from your chemist now! At all chemists and stores.

SLOANS for more KILLS PAIN

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